

# The Sketch

No. 877.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1909.

SIXPENCE.

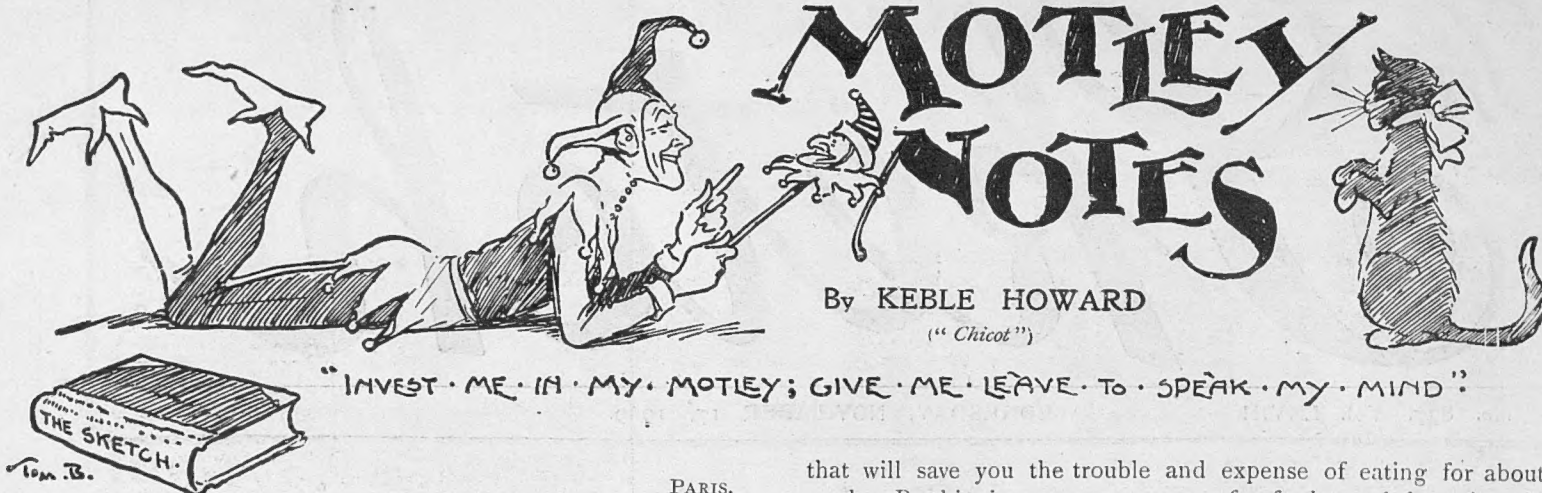


AN ACTRESS ON A WAR MEDAL: A PROFILE OF M<sup>lle</sup>. FERNANDE DUBOIS, OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, ON THE DECORATION FOR THE FRENCH ARMY THAT TOOK PART IN THE CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO.

On the obverse of the war-medal that is to be issued to the French troops who took part in the recent campaign in Morocco is a profile of M<sup>lle</sup>. Fernande Dubois, the pretty and popular actress of the Opéra Comique, Paris. On the reverse is a view of Casablanca, together with flags, a big gun, an anchor, and fortifications, and the word "Maroc." Fifty-six thousand soldiers will receive the decoration, which is the work of M. Georges Lemaire. M<sup>lle</sup>. Dubois has explained (to the "Express") how she came to sit for the head. "M. Lemaire . . . came to me," she said, ". . . and told me that instead of the usual classical Grecian profile which is to be seen on other medals, he desired to substitute that of a Parisian."

Photograph by Branger.





#### Arguments Preliminary.

For years and years I faithfully believed that I was the only person in the world who had not been lifted to the top of the Tour Eiffel. The thought made me feel very ashamed and sorry. I told myself that I was not fit to mix with decent people. I would look round a room, or a theatre, or a railway-carriage, and say to myself, "You see! These nice folks have discovered, somehow or other, that you have not been to the top of the Tour Eiffel. They will not, in all probability, say anything about it. They are far too pleasant and travelled and sophisticated for that. But you will gradually discover, from a subtle something in the hunk of their shoulders, that they would rather not speak to you. They are not snobs, but it is quite obvious that one must draw the line between those who have been to the top of the Tour Eiffel and those who have not. You know that. Unconventionality is all very well for an hour or two on Saturdays, but to go on staying at the foot of the Tour Eiffel is to carry unconventionality to a point that will never be tolerated by the best people. The sooner you come into line, even though you have to be drugged before getting into the lift, the better and the more comfortable for everybody. Honestly, old fellow, don't you agree with yourself about this? You do? Bon!"

#### Thoughts in the Lift.

I know now—now that I have done this thing, now that I have come into line with the best people, now that I have allowed myself to be placed in a small box and dragged a thousand feet away from earth, now that I have made a nightmare of my days and poisoned my dreams—that, in all probability, there are still a good many people who have not taken the Tour Eiffel degree. At any rate, I am prepared to swear that none of those who graduated when I did were past masters. A more huddled, frightened little crowd I never beheld. The competition for the places in the centre of the lift, which afforded a good grip of the pillar, was keen to desperation. The women, thank heaven, were foiled. There may be chivalry on a sinking ship, but I can vouch for it that there is no nonsense of that sort in the lift at the Tour Eiffel. Everybody realises what would happen if the bottom fell out. Everybody can feel, in anticipation, that sickly descent—bump, ricochet, crash, crape. Everybody knows that, if the bottom did fall out, there would be hope only for those who happened to have a good grip of the central pillar. Thus it comes about, as I say, that the men happen to get a good grip of the thing, directing the attention of their womenfolk to the beautiful views to be obtained from the windows.

#### An Ingenious Arrangement.

I did not break my journey at the first landing. This sounds brave, but I wouldn't deceive you, friend the reader. I suggested to the liftman that I should break my journey at the first landing. I even said I had important business on the first landing. He replied that, since I had taken a ticket for the top, the business must wait until I had been to the top. The other people grinned, especially the man who had promptly secured my gripping-place. I was allowed to break my journey at the second landing. This rule was formed for the convenience of the authorities. One lift takes you to the second landing. After that there are two lifts, ingeniously balanced. You get into the lower one, and the weight of the people in the upper one pulls you up. About seven hundred and fifty feet from the ground you all change. The people from the upper lift get into the lower one, and you get into the one they have just left. It is a good plan, if you like to get full value for your money, to look down between the lifts as you change. The effect is a charming dizziness

that will save you the trouble and expense of eating for about a week. By this time, you see, you are far, far beyond the unimaginative help of such things as stairs. You must either go down in the lift or climb. Before you do either, though, it is necessary to go further up.

#### A Pleasant Little Talk.

On the second landing I fell (horrible word!) into conversation with a little man who has passed twenty-five years of his life going up and down the Tour Eiffel. In return for a very modest present, all things considered, he arranged to come to the summit and tell me about the suicides. I forget how many suicides there have been from each landing, but not many. I asked him whether the attendants watched the people to see whether they betrayed suicidal symptoms. "Yes and no," he said. In point of fact, it generally came to them as a surprise when a visitor climbed the rail and went down without touching. He advised me to lean over the rail and look at the people and the traffic beneath. He said it would surprise me, but it didn't. What did surprise me was the fact that I should be fool enough to take his advice. I told him that I could feel the tower swaying to and fro. He gave me the precise figures on that point. He tried to stir me to enthusiasm by showing me a little house, just above our heads, where M. Eiffel sometimes takes lunch with a party of friends. There was a flag flying some fifty feet above this little house, and I allowed myself to think about the sensations of the man who put the top to the flag-pole. Can you wonder that the postcard I sent from the summit to an affectionate parent was practically illegible?

#### For Fear of the Frying-Pan.

I have been reading with great interest, of course, the report of the Committee of Lords and Commons on the Censorship. It is a very amusing little sop. The best thing in it runs as follows: "It shall not be compulsory to submit a play for license, and it shall be legal to perform an unlicensed play. In that case, however, the Director of Public Prosecutions can take action for indecency against both manager and author, both of whom can be fined, while the play, *which must be stopped pending the hearing*, may be prohibited for ten years, and the theatre license may be endorsed." You will remember that the chief objection to the present Censorship was that Mr. Redford made mistakes. I have not the pleasure of the acquaintance, as one says, of the present Director of Public Prosecutions, but I should like to congratulate him very warmly on the touching faith that is reposed in his omniscience by the dramatists who do not trust Mr. Redford. Note that the play must be stopped pending the hearing. These gentlemen are practical enough to realise, I suppose, that the Director of Public Prosecutions will be in a position to kill their plays, unless licensed by Mr. Redford, by merely taking action. In the first place, it is generally fatal to break the run of a play. In the second place, should the prosecution break down, nobody will care to see the play. Great fun!

#### The Theatre as a School for Adults.

The Committee is also of opinion that "it is not possible for the control of public authority over the stage to be such that parents can rely upon it to ensure that in no theatre will anything be produced unsuitable for youth to see. This is not so under the existing Censorship, and ought not to be so, for that standard is not one to which the community should be required universally to conform." The innocent dears! They have still to learn that the "playgoing community" is a synonymous term for Youth. People of mature years don't care a rush about the theatre except as a place of amusement. They know too much about the Game—almost as much, possibly, as the young men who are yearning to teach them.



## ACQUITTED: MME. STEINHEIL — STUDIES IN EMOTION.



ENERGETIC.



DEJECTED.



TEARFUL.



WATCHFUL.

The remarkable Steinheil case ended on Saturday last with a verdict of "Not Guilty," and Mme. Steinheil was carried out of the court fainting, a free woman. The jury's verdict was received with cries of "Bravo!" "Vive Mme. Steinheil!" "Vive le jury!" and "Vive Aubin!" Mme. Steinheil's ordeal was an extraordinary one. For many hours she stood the most ruthless examination by the Presiding Judge, answering his every accusation. Meantime, the mystery of the Impasse Ronsin remains a mystery.

*Photographs by the "Matin."*



# MANLY WOMAN AND WOMANLY MAN: A SUFFRAGETTE PLAY; AND "THE BOYS."



MANLY WOMAN—A BETTER PERFORMANCE THAN THEIR SISTERS IN THE CAUSE GAVE AT THE SAVOY; THE SUFFRAGETTES' PLAY AT CARDIFF. Certain Suffragettes gave an impromptu "performance" at the Savoy Theatre the other night in the presence of Mr. Lloyd-George, who was attending the revised version of the much-brightened "Mountaineers." A more satisfactory performance was given by some of their sisters in the cause at Cardiff on Friday last, when the Suffragette play illustrated was produced. This was preceded by a reception; and this was also accorded a reception.—[Photograph by Halfones.]



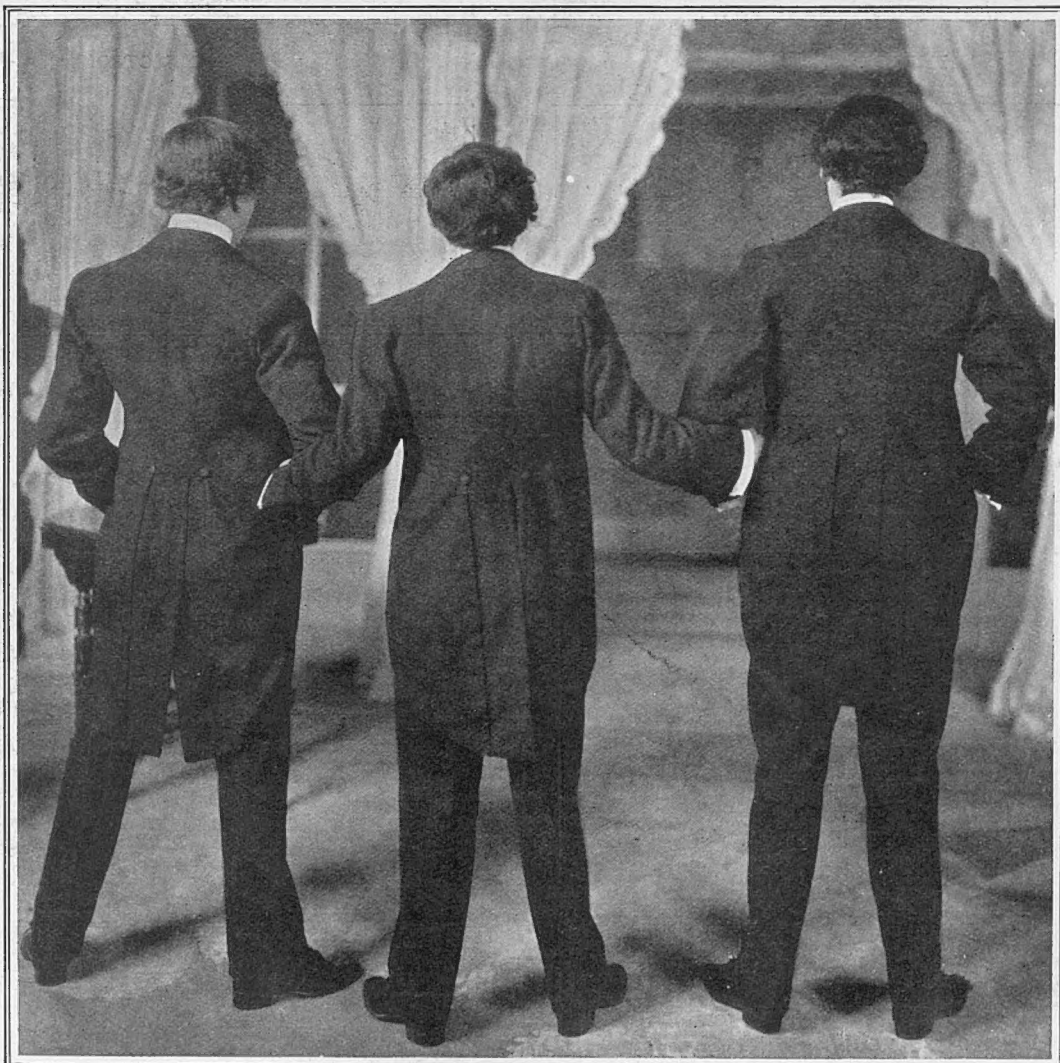
MISS ESMÉ BERINGER  
IN PRIVATE LIFE.



MISS IRIS HOEY  
IN PRIVATE LIFE.



MISS KATE RUSSELL  
IN PRIVATE LIFE.



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

MISS IRIS HOEY.

MISS KATE RUSSELL



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER  
IN "THE BOYS."



MISS IRIS HOEY  
IN "THE BOYS."



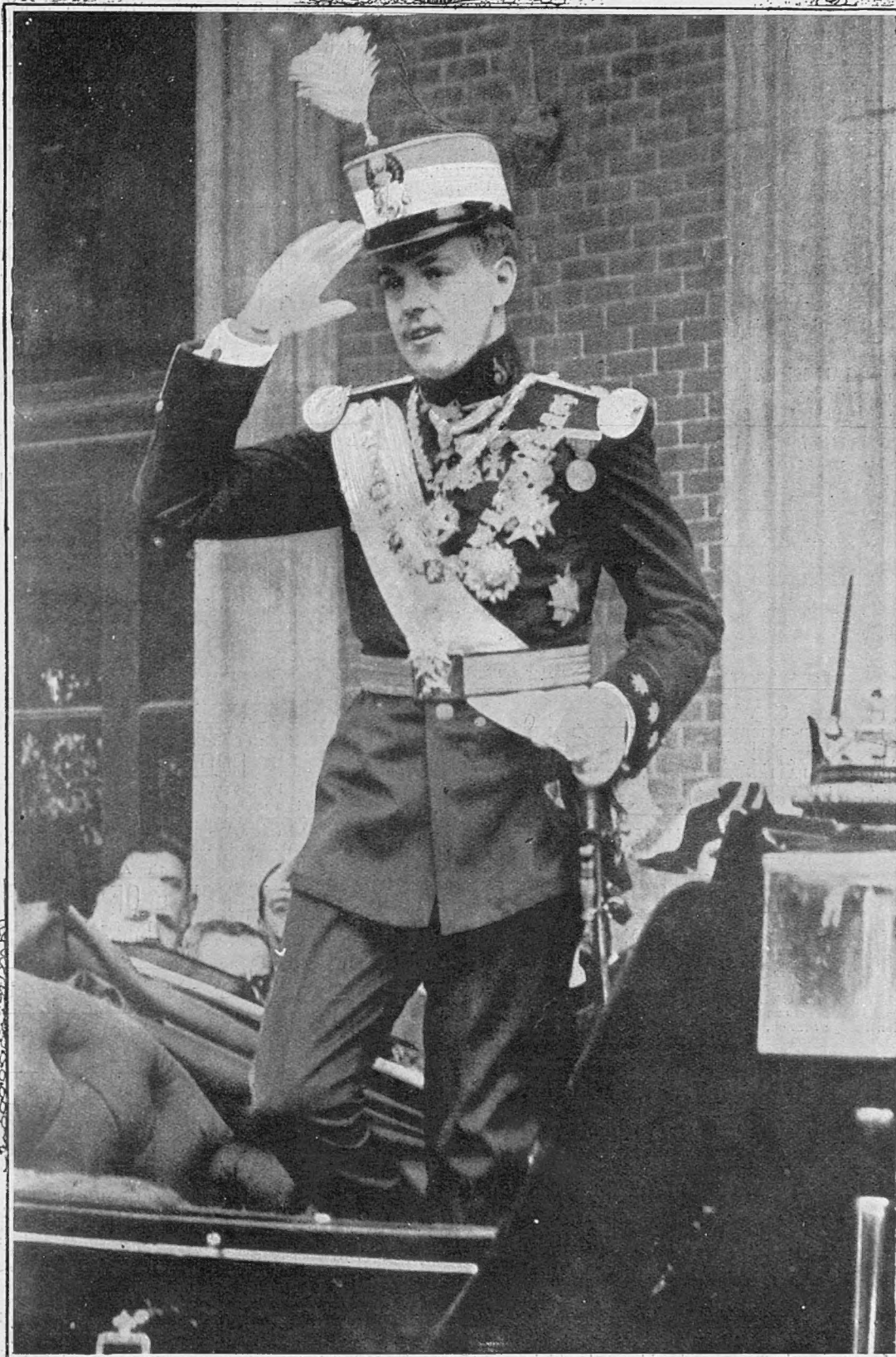
MISS KATE RUSSELL  
IN "THE BOYS."

## WOMANLY MAN: THE MISSES ESMÉ BERINGER, IRIS HOEY, AND KATE RUSSELL IN "THE BOYS."

We illustrate three of the chief figures in Mr. Henry Seton's three-act farcical comedy, "The Boys," which was given at the Coronet last week as part of a "mixed bill," which included not only "The Boys," but Messrs. Farren Soutar and Sam Walsh in "The Clock-Maker," songs by Mr. Hayden Coffin, and the same actor in a Sydney Carton sketch.



## ON MATRIMONY BENT? THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



## WILL HE WED A BRITISH PRINCESS? KING MANUEL, OUR ROYAL VISITOR.

There are rumours that in visiting this country King Manuel has in view personal as well as State affairs—that, indeed, he seeks a bride. Whether this be true or no, only time can show. Meantime, it may be noted that Princess Alexandra of Fife, whose name has been mentioned as that of a possible future Queen of Portugal, is of the royal party at Windsor, as is her sister. The young King is assured of the most cordial welcome here, for he is young, and he succeeded to the throne under circumstances that call for all sympathy, following a murdered father, and taking the place of a murdered brother.—[Photograph by Halftones.]



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VINCENT W. Hill, General Manager.

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 drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full  
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 of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on  
 each photograph or drawing.

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**OUR MOTOR-SHOW SUPPLEMENT.**

IN continuation of our Supplement last week dealing with the  
 International Motor Show at Olympia, we give this week a  
 second Supplement on the same subject, with further partic-  
 ulars of the numerous exhibits. Motor-cars and all things  
 connected with them are now of such universal interest that we felt  
 it desirable to deal with this great show in full detail, and this it  
 was difficult to do within the limits of one number. Nor, indeed, is  
 it necessary to make any apology for repeating the subject, as we  
 feel sure our readers will agree that, so far from boring them, the  
 continuation of the Motor Supplement is to be regarded as a  
 benefit and a pleasure. In such bewildering variety are the latest  
 types of car to be seen at Olympia that the intending purchaser must  
 find it difficult to make a choice; but he has one consolation—  
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# THE CLUBMAN

The Carthusians on the March.

The monks of the Grande Chartreuse are once more shifting their quarters, going this time from Tarragona to a new home in Hungary. The reason given for this march is twofold—that the herbs necessary for the manufacture of Chartreuse are not to be found in sufficient quantities on the hills near Tarragona, and that the monks are alarmed by the sack and burning of the religious establishments in Barcelona, and think that anti-Clerical riots might some day spring up in Tarragona. No doubt the second of the two reasons is the potent one, for the monks have been established in the Spanish town for several years, and they have managed to find quite enough herbs to flavour their liqueur during that period. They should find safe harbourage in the Carpathian Mountains, where, no doubt, they will make their abode; but I doubt whether they will ever find again so picturesque a home as theirs was in the mountains above Grenoble. The manufactory of the liqueur was not in the great horseshoe of crags at the top of the mountain, which sheltered the monastery from the winds of all the quarters, but was a building standing in a valley where the road first commenced to wind up the mountain-side.

The Manufacture of Chartreuse.

At the monastery, all the inhabitants were the Carthusian monks or farm-labourers who were lay brothers, but the workmen in the factory where the liqueur was made were not under a vow of any kind. Their superintendents were, I believe, monks, and the secret of the liqueur was kept in the hands of one man, who held high office in the monastery. It is not generally known that three forms of the liqueur were manufactured at the Chartreuse establishment; the green and the yellow Chartreuse we all know, but there is a much weaker extract, the white Chartreuse, which was drunk with water by all the employés of the monastery, and was given to the stranger who accepted the hospitality of La Grande Chartreuse for a meal. The secret of the Chartreuse was and is, I fancy, one very easily to be discovered. Indeed, in the many French books concerning the making of liqueur, the recipe of Chartreuse is given at length, and the French official who succeeded the good monks makes a liqueur which it is very difficult to differentiate from the original Chartreuse. What

the monks had at their establishment near Grenoble was some very old alcohol, which they used in their Chartreuse, and which, when exhausted, it will be impossible to replace.

Other Liqueurs. The Carthusian monastery at Grenoble was not the only congregation of

she thought must be very fine, for it had been in a cupboard for nearly twenty years; whereas, of course, brandy once in bottle does not grow finer as it grows older. Wild cherries are the fruit most used in the making of liqueurs, and oranges give a flavour to many of them.

British Cordials and Strong Waters.

We English no longer seem to distil the old strong waters and cordials which used in old times to be made in every manor and every farmhouse; whereas a French housewife generally has some home-made liqueur of which she is proud. When I was a boy I drank cowslip and elderberry wine at many farmhouses, but the boys of this generation never tell me that they now imbibe those refreshing fluids. I also drank

gooseberry-wine, which to my untutored palate seemed very like Moselle. Perhaps gooseberry-wine, if it is made now, is sold as Moselle. I know that since the doctors have ordered their gouty patients to drink Moselle I have often been given a liquid thus labelled which tasted to me very much like the gooseberry-wine of my youth.

DOES A LITTLE SWABBING.

British Perfumes. Ginger-wine, alone of all the British wines, seems to hold its own. There is a great consumption of it, curiously enough, in India, and no "peg-table" at a station club is complete without its bottle of British ginger-wine. There is a mixed drink called a Macdonald, which is much in favour as a pick-me-up before dinner during the cold weather in India. It is composed half of whisky and half of ginger-wine, and threequarters of a wineglass of this is warranted to make the most subdued subaltern

talkative. Of the old English perfumes, lavender-water seems to be the only one still popular, just as the street cry of "Sweet lavender" seems to be the last of the pretty old cries of former days. The orange-girl no longer sings that her wares are "fine Chaney oranges." The howl of the coal-man and the shout of the itinerant coster have replaced all the pretty musical calls. I am sure that if in some old cathedral town a little shop for the sale of old English cordials and strong waters and perfumes were established amidst old-world surroundings, the Americans visiting the town would buy these wares wholesale as souvenirs. Such a shop as that of the Canterbury Weavers is what I have in my mind's eye.

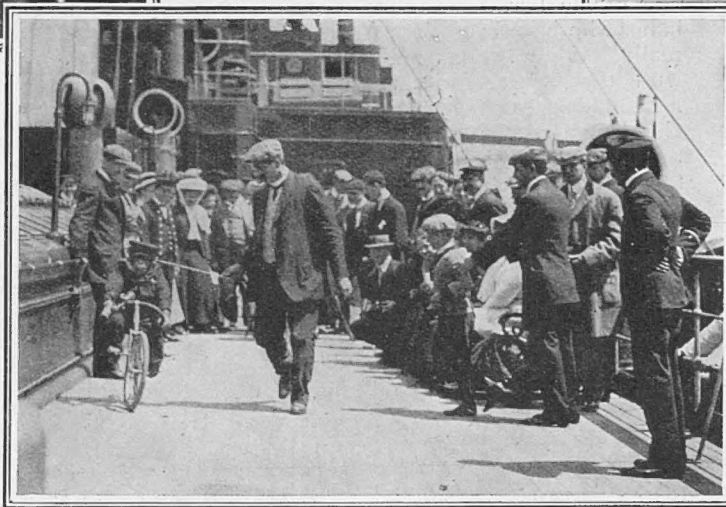
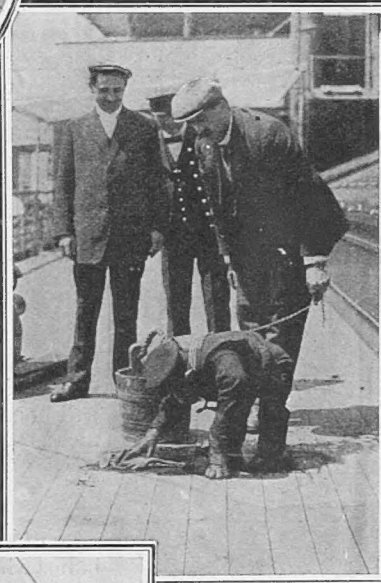


CONSUL II. TAKES A GLASS OF GROG.

the white brethren which makes a liqueur. In the Carthusian monastery high on the hill above Naples a very excellent liqueur is made by the monks and sold by them, which, however, does not taste like the better-known Chartreuse. The Trappist monks have the secret of



DINES ON DECK.



AND INDULGES IN A CYCLE-RIDE.

THE SECOND CONSUL: THE FAMOUS TRAINED MONKEY ABOARD A LINER.

liqueurs, and there is that well-known Benedictine cordial which is marked with the letters "D. O. M." I wonder whether the majority of English gentlemen and ladies to whom the butler whispers as he goes round after dinner, "Brandy, Chartreuse, Kummel, or Curaçoa?" have any idea what methods are employed in the manufacture of the liqueurs, or what fruits give them their flavours? I doubt very much whether one out of every two ladies has any clear idea of the manner in which the brandy used in her kitchen is distilled. One lady whom I asked replied, "It is a kind of wine, is it not?" and another lady produced as liqueur-brandy some one-star brandy, which

Photographs by Urban.



## CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



A KEEN FISHERWOMAN: LADY MURIEL BECKWITH, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Lady Muriel Beckwith, like her half-sister, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, chose to wed a soldier, for Mr. Beckwith was one of the heroes of the South African War, and was badly wounded at Magersfontein. She is very often at Goodwood House, and when staying with her father at Gordon Castle she spends a good deal of her time fishing in the famous salmon river, on whose banks the Prince of Wales has often had such excellent sport.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

paths and those of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk seldom run together. The most successful royal house-party is not necessarily that at which all the guests are just those who have been at all the other royal house-parties of the year, and Lord and Lady Powis have perused



AN AMERICAN LADY WHO IS CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH THE COURT: MRS. JOHN WARD.

Mrs. Ward is the only daughter of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Her husband is a favourite Gentleman-in-Waiting on the King.

Photograph by Bassano.

mother's place at an important function which will soon be held at the American Embassy. Mrs. John Ward lately became the mother of a fine little boy, who will probably become in due time one of the wealthiest of twentieth-century Anglo-American magnates.

*These Dukes!* Dukes do not expect much consideration just now; and the Duke of Devonshire has himself to blame, though in a particularly innocent fashion, for the complaints of the villagers of Edensor. It is all his own fault that he opens Chatsworth to the public! Thence arises the development of a definite lodging-house propensity among his cottagers — most of whom he stingily allows to

THE Prince of Wales will renew several old friendships at Powis Castle. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire he has many opportunities of meeting and of liking; but his

live rent-free! At one time the number of visitors to Chatsworth House averaged something like eighty thousand a year, so that it was nearly as pleasant to live there as in — say, a third-class



MISS MABEL HART AND MR. HARRY C. BRODIE, M.P., WHOSE WEDDING WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE 20TH.

Mr. Brodie is Liberal Member for the Reigate Division of Surrey, and is the eldest son of Mr. John Brodie, of Shrubhunt, Oxted. He is a partner in a firm of Colonial merchants. Miss Hart is the younger daughter of Sir Robert Hart, of Chinese fame.

Photographs by Lafayette and Russell.

their guest-book to good purpose on the present occasion. Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Lord and Lady Camden, Lady Louise Loder, and Lady Yarborough are among the members of a party that will boast a gravity by no means unwelcome to the royal guests.

*Mrs. John Ward.* Mrs. John Ward is one of the few American ladies who have ever been really closely connected with the Court, for her husband is a favourite Gentleman-in-Waiting on the King. As only daughter of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, she was intimately concerned with Diplomatic Society before her marriage, and even now it is announced that she may very probably take her

the name of the gracious Mary Caroline, Countess of Minto, figured in the Birthday List. Nevertheless, her inclusion suggests to an encroaching sex that there might well have been several other feminine entries. On all hands women are leaders in charitable and other national enterprises, directing and guiding, even like Mrs. Taft, the policy of their men-folk. Perhaps the day is not far off when there will be created a little batch of peeresses in their own right. For instance, let us wait till Lady Frances Balfour has proved herself the strong man of the Divorce Commission. Her energy and grasp in debate is well known, and that she looks like a Duke of Argyll should by no means prejudice her chance of a peerage.

*Royal Squeamishness.* London once more is

thinking about its bunting, and really nobody denies that bunting is unbeautiful and a bore. However, its use seems now to be a kind of unwritten law of hospitality towards our visiting Monarchs. The King of Portugal does not suffer, let us hope, like one royal lady, who found that the fluttering motion of innumerable flags over a long route, combined with the regular movement of her own bowing to this side and that, was the cause of a sensation of sickness. But, bunting apart, there is no sovereign escape. Queen Victoria, as was well known to her ladies, found that Drawing-Rooms, when some hundreds of people curtseyed to her, produced somewhat the same symptoms as those of a breezy passage across the Channel.



MISS MADGE SNELL AND COUNT VIVIAN HOLLENDER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Snell is the only daughter of the late Richard George Snell, and of Mrs. Snell, of 9, Harrington Court. Count Vivian Hollender is the eldest son of the late Count Max Hollender.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.



A KEEN CRICKETER: LADY EVELYN COTTERELL, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Lady Evelyn Cotterell is one of the few well-known Society women who are very keenly interested in cricket. She has organised many ladies' matches, and is herself an exceptionally good bat. Lady Evelyn, as is the case with all the daughters of the Duke of Richmond, is a particularly skilful fisherwoman and a keen rider to hounds. She is the mother of a group of pretty children, including a son and heir now two years old.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

waiting-room at a London terminus!

*In Their Own Right.* There is a general satisfaction that



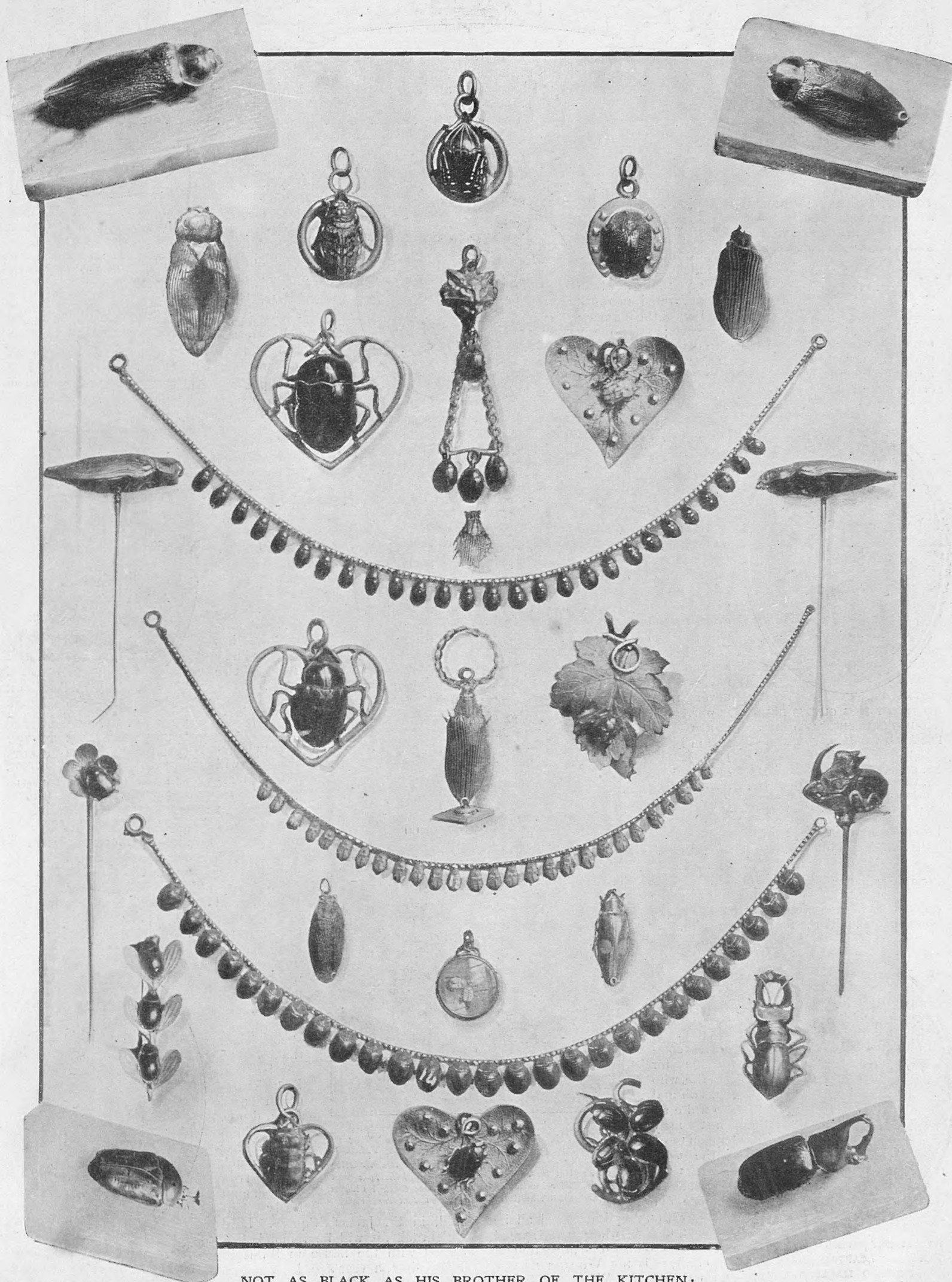
TO MARRY CAPTAIN S. R. DRURY LOWE, R.N., TO-MORROW: MISS CLARE CHARTERIS.

Miss Charteris is the only daughter of the late Captain the Hon. F. W. Charteris, R. N., and Lady Louisa Charteris. Captain Drury Lowe is a son of the late Colonel R. H. Drury Lowe.

Photograph by Lafayette.



BEETLES AS JEWELS: LIVING, A TERROR; DEAD, A TRINKET.



NOT AS BLACK AS HIS BROTHER OF THE KITCHEN:  
BEAUTIFUL BEETLES EMPLOYED BY THE JEWELLER.

Alive, the beetle is as terrible to many women as is the mouse; dead, if he be not black, he is so favoured by "the fair" that he forms a very essential part of a number of their trinkets. Men like him also (which is, perhaps, less surprising), and, with them, he figures on scarf-pin or paper-weight. In our Illustration he is shown as *the* feature of various trinkets, on scarf-pins and hat-pins, as necklaces, on paper-weights.—[Photographs by Boyer.]





**TO MARRY MR. FREDERICK R. ST. L. TYRRELL TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS INA I. MOUTRAY-READ.** Miss Moutray-Read is a daughter of the late Colonel John Moutray-Read and of Mrs. Moutray-Read, of Little Beauchamp, Tiverton. Mr. St. Lawrence Tyrrell, Adjutant at the Royal Welsh Constabulary Depot, Phoenix Park, is a son of the late William St. Lawrence Tyrrell.—[Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]

impetuous friend who hastened to congratulate her upon her well-deserved honour without pausing to inquire its nature was met with blank and bewildered countenance. Lady de Ramsey and her friend the King were both born on the 9th of November—that is all!



**TO MARRY MISS GLADYS ROSE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MR. REGINALD MORDAUNT CUMBERLEGE.**

Mr. Cumberlege is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Mordaunt Cumberlege, of Walstead Place, Lindfield, Sussex.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Seymour is more than a brother to me. I will remember his friendship to the end."

"Mr. Winston." It is not Mr. Winston Churchill who so much objects when a Suffragist claps her hand upon his shoulder and denounces him in public. He has the happiness of turning the thing off with a smile and repartee. But it is less comfortable for the wife, who looks on and wonders what may happen next, if the tales that tell of suffrage violence fed upon by Mrs. Asquith should all be true. So, also, when it is spread abroad that Winston is boycotted at the clubs, it is not Winston who is annoyed, but Mrs. Winston. A man can stroll round and prove to himself that the story is wild, while his wife is being assured that when he goes into the smoking-room at the



**TO MARRY MISS EVELYN COOPER-KEY: CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD MARSDEN.**

Captain Marsden is Assistant Instructor at the School of Musketry, Hythe. He is the eldest son of the Rev. Maurice H. Marsden, of Moreton Rectory, Dorchester.—[Photograph by Weston and Son.]

## SMALL TALK

IN a paper, full of the Birthday Honours, and dated Nov. 9, there was printed the following notice: "Lady de Ramsey, whose name appears in the birthday-list to-day, will receive the congratulations of her very large circle of friends."

But in vain did you search for her name among the new Privy Councillors or the new Knights, or the newly decorated members of the police force; and one



**ENGAGED TO MR. FRANK PICKERING, OF THE SCOTS GREYS: MISS ANGELA SUTTON.**

Miss Sutton, who was presented the season before last, is the daughter of Mr. Sutton and of Lady Susan Sutton, of Penton Lodge, Andover. Through her mother she is a niece of the late Earl of Harewood.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

Admiral Seymour, new Privy Councillor, has received many cabled congratulations from America, where he possesses more friends than perhaps any other English officer in either of the Services. In his own genial person he constitutes one very good reason why the two English-speaking navies could never meet in war. Nine years ago, Admiral Dewey said of him, "My dear old friend Sir Edward Seymour is more than a brother to me. I will remember his friendship to the end."



**TO MARRY MAJOR ROBERT LUKIN, OF THE 9TH BENGAL LANCERS: MISS MERIEL TAYLOR.** Miss Taylor is the eldest daughter of the late Wellesley Taylor, and of Mrs. Taylor, of Sherington Manor, Newport Pagnell. Major Lukin is a son of the late General Charles Osbaldeston Lukin.—[Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]

Marlborough the other members are huddled into the library, and when he goes to the library at the Turf the smoking-room is packed with offended peers. As a matter of fact, off the platform Winston is wonderfully popular, as his personal influence over even the politics of so many of his relatives and intimates abundantly shows.

Lord Vernon's Pace. So much stress has been laid in the House of Lords on the sardonic and elaborate jokes beloved by the Harcourts—apropos of Mr. Lewis Harcourt's rejected Bill—that it seems necessary to say that Lord Vernon, who is a kinsman of the First Commissioner of Works, is not laughing up his sleeve about his suspended motor-licence. If the speed-limit has to be exceeded he is young enough to prefer not to leave the matter in the hands of a chauffeur. It is not two months since Lord Vernon emerged from his legal infancy; and in his motor-car he has certainly gone the pace.

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Miss Colebrooke.

Miss Colebrooke will not be married from Stratford House, and will not be married in Florence, either of which places would have been her own choice. Florence she has revelled in while staying there with her aunt, the Marchesa Niccolini. Her Italian eyes, her English figure, and a charm of manner that neither the English colony nor the Italian set could label quite its own will be much missed when she finally comes to spend her time hovering between Loughborough and London. Miss Colebrooke has spent much time, too, with her aunt Lady Enfield, in St. James's Square. Lord Colebrooke, it will be remembered, parted with the house in Stratford Place when, a year ago, he was provided with a royal residence for life at Windsor. Since then, mysterious hoardings have hidden the progress of the great alterations ordered by the new owner, Lord Derby.



**TO MARRY MR. REGINALD MORDAUNT CUMBERLEGE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS GLADYS ROSE.**

Miss Rose is the second daughter of Mr. Charles Marston Rose, of 22, Hans Place.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



**TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD MARSDEN: MISS EVELYN COOPER-KEY.**

Miss Cooper-Key is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Astley Cooper-Key, and of Lady Cooper-Key, of 55, Elm Park Gardens.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaughton.



## DEDICATED TO BARGAIN-BUYERS: FAKING "OLD MASTERS."

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



FORGING THE SIGNATURE ON AN IMITATION OLD MASTER; THE SIGNATURE THAT IS BEING COPIED PINNED TO THE CANVAS.



RUNNING A SPECIAL MIXTURE OF GUM AND VARNISH OVER THE FINISHED "OLD MASTER."



PUTTING THE "OLD MASTER" IN A HOT OVEN, TO DRY AND CRACK THE VARNISH AND GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF AGE.



RUBBING IN A MIXTURE OF SOOT, ASH, AND SETTING MATERIAL, TO IMITATE THE DIRT RESULTING FROM YEARS OF EXPOSURE.



FLICKING PAINT ON TO AN "OLD MASTER" FROM A STIFF-HAIRED BRUSH, TO IMITATE FLY-MARKS.



GOING OVER THE "OLD MASTER" WITH A KNIFE, TO REMOVE ANYTHING THAT WOULD "GIVE IT AWAY."

With the "Leonardo da Vinci wax-bust" question so much in the air, it is interesting to remember how many ingenious forged antiquities are put on the markets of the world from time to time. The faking of old masters, for instance, provides a number of people with steady work. We hasten to add, however, that the gentleman shown in our photographs is not a maker of faked "old masters"; he merely posed for the photographs, that some of the methods of the imitation-masterpiece-maker might be illustrated. To add further to our descriptions, we may say that, the copy of the picture having been painted, the faker sets about giving the canvas the appearance of age. The first thing is to have the signature put on. This is done by a man who has the most intimate knowledge of the signatures and marks of the old masters. The canvas is then covered with a special mixture of gum and varnish, and is placed in a hot oven that the varnish may be cracked, as is that of old pictures. Further age is given by the rubbing in of a mixture of soot, ash, and other materials. The marks made by flies can be imitated by flicking paint from a stiff-haired brush. The finishing touches call for the use of a knife, with which are removed such marks as might give the picture away as a fake.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

**A**MONG Parliamentary candidates a number of well-known men who have been soldiers are now standing. These include Sir Savile Brinton Crossley, who is wooing Islington West, and who was actually elected M.P. while he was with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and who is remembered as an Oxford Blue. Then there is Lord Howick, standing for Bradford Central. He has a considerable knowledge of Colonial affairs, owing to the fact that his father (Earl Grey) has played so prominent a part in Greater Britain. Yet another elder son who will in a sense represent the Army at St. Stephen's, should he have the good luck to become Unionist M.P. for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire, is Lord Bury. He is to be congratulated on the fact that his grandfather, the late Lord Egerston, left ten thousand pounds on trust for the payment of any Parliamentary expenses incurred by him. Lord Bessborough's heir, Lord Duncannon, is standing for Cheltenham; at one time he was going to the Bar, and his legal apprenticeship will be valuable to him should he be elected. Baron de Forest, who is standing for Southport, is immensely wealthy, and his marriage to the pretty sister of Lord Gerard created much interest in Society. He is, of course, a naturalised British subject, his title being Austrian. Sir Robert Filmer will be a great addition to the social amenities of the House. He was in the Guards for some years, and has seen a good deal of active service. At the last General Election he contested North-West Durham in the Unionist interest.

*With the Colours.* Miss Clare Charteris, the modern Maid of Neidpath, who has not, like the heroine of the ballad, waited long for her lover, marries Captain Sidney Drury to-morrow. Captain Drury is not a red-coat, which is, perhaps, all in his favour with the bride's grandfather, Lord Wemyss, who is said to have abandoned the links of Wimbledon, not because he is ninety-odd, but because the Conservators insisted that all golfers should play in scarlet. It was Lord Wemyss who advocated grey coats for Volunteers long before khaki ever baffled the foe and beautified the plain.

*Lady de Bunsen.* If Lady de Bunsen has followed the example of her namesake, Mme. Charles de Bunsen, and has kept a record of her experiences at Court, she must already have filled a shelf of volumes in manuscript, and with even more interesting facts than that she witnessed when two Queens were lowered down a lift so suddenly that all their hairpins fell out. Her recent week-end, with Sir Maurice, at Sandringham would in itself provide an interesting entry concerning the King's purchase of some of her drawings. Others she is selling with great success at an exhibition opened by Princess Henry of Battenberg in Chester Street, in order to raise funds for the erection of an English church in Madrid. It happens, of course, that the English Queen at whose Court in Madrid Lady de Bunsen is Ambassador is less likely, owing to her position, to patronise this project than any of her relatives at Sandringham.

*The Lord of the Thistle.*

Lady Rose Weigall's protest against the coupling of her grandfather's name with the Thistle anecdote is an excellent example of the strong family feeling that has bound her clan together. All the same, Lord Westmorland was long ago supposed to be the gentleman

who was recommended to George III. for the decoration, but did not get it because the King, witty for once, said, "He'd think he was meant to eat it." In reality, however, there never was any reason to suppose that Lord Westmorland came within browsing distance of the Thistle; and one asks why, if the haphazard method of telling stories is to prevail, it is not Lord Braye who is made the Lord of the legend?

*Poet's Fare.* Mr. Maurice Hewlett dined with the members of the Poets' Club the other night. Perhaps a counsel to poets to forego fine meals and other creature-comforts if they really wish to write inspired verse was not best delivered over a banqueting-table. Anyway, it was not only the board that groaned. "Comforts indeed!" murmured

the bards. "What about your motor-cars?" came the cry; "and your own cook?" And it was related that when the author of "The Forest Lovers" set out to follow the simple life in Spain, he carried a knapsack of quite suspicious size. As he progressed he found he had to lighten his load; and towards the end of the walking-tour even the boot-trees went. But seven silver-topped bottles did the whole journey, and even while the poets of the club did not pretend to know what they contained, they could not help thinking of them as seven sins against the holy poverty now preached to themselves. So they gave Mr. Hewlett a feast of—chaff.

*An Undistinguishing Guest.*

The Chamber of Commerce entertains the German Ambassador at dinner next week, and there will be many other German guests. This is a good year for the Chamber in regard to speakers; but we may perhaps recall the dinner at which the Chairman's address was more than usually punctuated with pauses: "The President, is he not, of the Chamber of Commas?" inquired an artless foreign guest.

*Under the Hammer.*

Mr. Mortimer Menpes finds tomatoes more attractive than the pinks and oranges on the walls of his house in Cadogan Gardens, and he means to spend more and more time among his hot-houses at Pangbourne. It will be quite exciting to see what happens when the auctioneer's hammer, with a few taps undoes—in a sense—the million strokes that put the lovely thing together. The pity of it is that Mr. Menpes does not preside at the desk

himself: he would surely be so much more effective and amusing than Messrs. This, That, and the Other. The house is, of course, lovely; but it owes some of its interest to the mere fact of its being in the possession of the man whose fine taste conceived and built it. Mr. Menpes's house we all like to see; but shall we hanker after it when it is merely the mansion of Mrs. Millionaire Rogers?



TO CONTEST SOUTHPORT: BARON DE FOREST (STAFFORDSHIRE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY).



TO CONTEST THE ALTRINCHAM DIVISION OF CHESHIRE: VISCOUNT BURY (SCOTS GUARDS).



TO CONTEST WEST ISLINGTON: SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY, Bt. (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN NORFOLK FIELD ARTILLERY).



TO CONTEST LINCOLN: SIR ROBERT FILMER, Bt., (ROYAL EAST KENT YEOMANRY, FORMERLY GRENADIER GUARDS).



TO CONTEST CENTRAL BRADFORD: VISCOUNT HOWICK (FORMERLY LIEUTENANT 1ST LIFE GUARDS).

## SOLDIERS WHO MAY SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

Photographs by Lafayette.



## A PECK OF ENERGY: THE CLIMBER OF MOUNT HUASCAN.



MASKED AND DRESSED FOR CLIMBING: MISS ANNIE S. PECK.

Miss Peck has done a good deal of valuable mountain-climbing. Several times she has gone south, with the idea of conquering Mount Huascan, and always with but a small capital, a fact that has made her work all the more difficult. There have been those who have questioned Miss Peck's scientific observations as to the height of the mountain, for when she reached the summit she was unable to make observations from it, owing to the high wind and the lateness of the hour. The observations she made at the saddle between the two peaks, taken in connection with simultaneous observations made at the base, gave the height of the saddle as 19,600 feet. The snow-line is from 14,000 feet to 15,000 feet high, and, according to the photographs made by Miss Peck, the saddle is as far below the summit as it is above the snow-line.

It should be added that the mountain in the photograph is not Mount Huascan, but has been put in to give pictorial effect as a background.

*Photograph of Miss Peck by G. G. Bain; Photograph of Background by Alfred Holmes; Arrangement by "The Sketch."*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monocle))

## A Play About Playwrights.

When a dramatist of great and well-earned reputation writes a comedy in which the three chief characters are playwrights we expect to learn something about the craft and craftsmen, but after seeing Mr. Carton's work "Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist" I do not feel that my knowledge of dramatic authors is increased. It never was great nor will be, for obvious reasons, till I lay down my pen; but still there are truces, during which we meet one another in the flesh and exchange cigarettes and confidences "without prejudice"; and I know enough to believe that Sabiston, Darcus, and Kelham are not a truly drawn group. The last named—a merry old Bohemian, charmingly acted by Mr. C. M. Lowne—was the nearest to life. Darcus is a conventional, weak-willed, passionate fellow; Sabiston is Mr. George Alexander with an unbecoming beard, a mouth full of epigrams and metaphors, a soul crowded with unholy passion for a married woman, and a gift for behaving foolishly. I am quite certain that if the play had been written anonymously we should have all called it a crude, rather clever work, exhibiting profound ignorance of its subject; then some of us would have been dumbfounded by the discovery that the author was a real dramatist of great ability, to whom we all owe thousands of laughs; while I, at least, should have stuck to my gun, and suppressed my regret that Mr. Carton had not stuck to his. For it is a curious, interesting fact that in trying to prove that the experienced dramatist can get out of his groove, Mr. Carton should have written a play which shows how difficult it is for Mr. Carton himself to do so.

## An Entertaining, Unreal Play.

It must not be thought that the new comedy is dull because unreal; most of it is entertaining, and that is the humour. For if Mr. Carton had written the kind of work which I believe he meant to write, it would have been a grim, gloomy affair, powerful and fascinating; instead of which we had an unconvincing comedy with amusing scenes and witty lines, but rather overstocked with epigrams and elaborate *bons-mots*. The acting did full service to the play. Miss Beryl Faber may not have rendered Lady Cheynley and her elopement plausible—that was no fault of hers; but she gave a delightful picture of the well-bred woman of the world with a bad habit of always trying to talk cleverly. Miss Rosalie Toller was charming as the ingénue. Mr. George Alexander has not been very well served by the dramatist: he delivered his scores of polished sentences with most agreeable ease and certainty of effect, and had a few moments of really striking passion. Mr. Godfrey Tearle had a cheerless part, which he played quite cleverly.

## Another Woman-with-a-Past Play.

In "The Great Mrs. Alloway," by Mr. Douglas Murray, Miss Lena Ashwell adds one more to her long list of portraits of ladies who have made unhappy mistakes in marriage; but though she plays the part brilliantly, she suffers from the fact that in this case she is the central figure of a somewhat conventional and improbable story. Twenty-five years before the curtain rose, Mrs. Alloway had carried out a great scheme of revenge upon Man as punishment for the behaviour of one scoundrel. Having brought several promising men to ruin, she settled down to a quiet country life in Sussex with a young son. Then an elderly Anglo-Indian discovered her identity. It was an awkward moment, for her son was on the point of marriage with the Anglo-Indian's charming niece; and the elderly gentleman objected. Mrs. Alloway had behaved so well for twenty-five years that it seemed a pity to spoil the happiness of two young people; and this was the view of the young niece when Mrs. Alloway, after much mental conflict and contemplation of suicide, told her the truth. There were several things in the play which it was hard to understand; and this fact perhaps counterbalances some of the good points for which the author is entitled to credit. With a less time-honoured plot he could apparently write an interesting play, since he can make the best of a dramatic situation, and there is point and humour in his dialogue. Miss Ashwell in her most passionate moments brought some life into the piece; Mr. Kerr was as genial and agreeable as ever; Mr. Arthur Wontner played the son with success.

## The Afternoon Theatre.

At His Majesty's the matinée programme is interesting. Mr. Holbrooke's serious light opera I leave to another hand. "The Tinker's Wedding" is not Synge at his best, but has a great deal of characteristic humour and fun in its strange comic picture of that did not take place, and the greedy priest. I suspect that we Saxons missed many points. The players were a little at fault in not realising the size of the house, but there was clever acting, notably by Miss Mona Limerick and Miss Clare Greet, while Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Jules Shaw played very well.

## "The Lyons Mail" Again.

At the Queen's Theatre Mr. H. B. Irving is busy with a revival of "The Lyons Mail," and showing once again how wonderfully he can vary the expression of his face. The parts of Dubosc and Lesurques are very tempting to the actor who has the genius to play them: and whatever may nowadays be thought of the play, there is no doubt as to the extraordinary ability of Mr. Irving's performance.



"LORRIMER SABISTON, DRAMATIST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS LORRIMER SABISTON AND MISS BERYL FABER AS LADY CHEYNLEY.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



A SKETCH FOUNDED ON A ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON STORY: MR. SEYMOUR HICKS IN "THE HAMPTON CLUB," AT THE COLISEUM—THE DRAWING OF THE FATAL CARD.

It will be remembered that a French version of Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "The Suicide Club," formed a part of the repertoire of the Grand Guignol Company, which was over here some time ago.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



## BACON TO ANOTHER'S SHAKESPEARE:

"LORRIMER SABISTON, DRAMATIST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



MR. R. C. CARTON'S PLAY OF THE THEATRE: MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS LORRIMER SABISTON.

"Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist," is essentially a play of the theatre. Indeed, the dramatic critic of the "Telegraph," writing of it, says: "Claude Carton, 'writer of plays,' do you fully realise what you have done? A playwright yourself, one of the sacred guild of dramatists, you have opened the doors, thrust aside the shutters, and let in the light upon that strange, mysterious world of the theatre, that world of make-belief and unreality. You have laid bare to us its artifices and its trickery, and shown it in all its hollowness. You have taken the puppets from their box. . . . Was it well, was it wise, do you think?" Lorrimer Sabiston gives one of his plays to Noel Darcus, that he may father it, and thus, according to himself, plays Bacon to a younger man's Shakespeare.





## AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### Improved Hospitality.

The King of Portugal, when he visits the City to-day, will receive a welcome such as the City always accords to popular royalties. Elsewhere he fares better than did persons as illustrious as himself during part of the previous reign. Then, it was complained, everybody seemed to be out of town when any recognition of distinguished foreigners was due. The Court was no exception to the conditions which called forth Delane's famous articles in the *Times*. In a private note, which his biography has given to the world, he remarked, "When the King and Queen of Denmark were here for their daughter's marriage, they were sent to the Palace Hotel the very day of the ceremony; when Prince Oscar came here, no Royal personage ever gave him a dinner; when the King of Sweden himself came, he lived at the Swedish Legation; when Prince Humbert of Italy came, Palmerston had to come up from Brockett to give him a dinner, and when he went to Windsor he had to

There was another officer of his rank upon whom fortune turned a far more friendly face, and that was the flag-lieutenant of Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy. The promise of joy came through another man's misfortune; the Sultan of Perak was a prisoner in the Seychelles through suspected complicity in the murder of an Englishman. While prisoner pent he made the acquaintance of the visiting Admiral. Captivity ended, the Sultan determined to build a navy for himself, and asked the Admiral to take the thing in hand. If he would do this thing, the Admiral should have, *inter alia*, one hundred wives, and his flag-lieutenant, twenty-five. The Admiral suggested that the numbers should be reversed, and the Sultan, to say nothing of the ladies, was agreeable. But the fleet is not yet built, nor its officers engaged.

### The Tragic Spinster.

All the external features of the apparel assumed by "the Tragic Widow," as they call her, have been described for us by our Paris correspondents. Fine fashion articles some of them have sent us, glowing with sartorial particulars. Well, the matter is of some importance, after all. Mme. Steinheil has gone in for the costume prescribed by Russell of Killowen for ladies in divorce cases. They should always be dressed in black, he laid it down: at least they ought to pretend to be sorry. He was just as nice in breach-of-promise actions. In one case practically everything had been



WHERE STRAWBERRIES RIPEN EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR: GATHERING THE FRUIT AT IRAPUATO, MEXICO.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

lunch at the White Hart." We order our hospitality upon a different scale to-day.

Our military men must treat the King of Portugal with special respect. Some day he might lead them into the field—that is, supposing that King Edward should prefer to follow latter-day precedent, and leave active service to others. The arrangement would be the outcome of a treaty which has been in existence between ourselves and Portugal for over five centuries. It still holds good, having five times been reaffirmed. By virtue of this treaty the kings of the two countries are to be "friends to friends, enemies to enemies, and shall assist, maintain, and uphold each other, by sea and land, against all men, of whatever dignity, rank, station, or condition they may be." To make certainty doubly sure, the two countries later agreed, "that there shall be inviolate, and endure for ever, a solid and real league of amity, confederacy, and union," and then was added the diverting provision that loot in war should be the spoil of that King who happened to command the allied forces. So far this clause has not come into operation, but we did once give the King of Portugal permission to raise 12,000 troops in Britain and to buy 2500 horses.

### Another Flag-Lieutenant.

Our old friend the Flag-Lieutenant has done Mr. Cyril Maude a rare good service, but, now that his retirement is at hand, let it be said for him that he is not half so well treated as he deserves.



A TINY STEED FOR TINY TOWN: ONE OF THE SHETLAND PONIES OF "THE KINGDOM OF LILLIPUT," WHICH WILL BE IN THE OLYMPIA ANNEXE FROM DECEMBER 4.

Photograph by Bolak.



BEWARE THE BLUNTED FEATHER: A WING OF AN OLD PARTRIDGE (ABOVE) AND A WING OF A YOUNG PARTRIDGE (BELOW).

Buyers may easily tell the old partridge from the young by looking at the wings. In the case of the young bird, the ends of the feathers are sharp; in the case of the old bird, they are blunt. This is particularly noticeable in the feathers nearest the body.—[Photograph by General Illustrations Agency.]

prepared by the solicitors in readiness for the consultation. "What is your client going to wear at the trial?" was Russell's first question. The solicitor had not the slightest idea. "Well, take her to-morrow to her dress-maker," said Russell, "and order a perfectly plain dress of a soft grey colour, fitting closely to the figure, without any trimming, and a big black hat, also as simple as possible." That was the only point in the consultation. The lady so garbed got a verdict for £10,000.

### Shows and the Music-hall audiences are trying

Man. to live up to the pleasant things said of their taste and discrimination. Perhaps "Dr." Bodie may not agree, after the hearty manner in which an audience at a Glasgow hall received him last week. But he will by this time have realised that there are others as entitled as himself to write after their names "M.D." in the sense which he means. London would not tolerate Miss Charlesworth, and the Second City has dealt even more frankly with the great tarradiddle.



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AIRY TIPS FOR FLY MEN



V.—NEVER LEAVE YOUR AEROPLANE WITHOUT HAVING FASTENED IT TO SOME SUBSTANTIAL OBJECT.



VI.—KEEP YOUR MACHINE WELL IN HAND, AND GET UP A GOOD SPEED ON THE GROUND BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO RISE.

AVIATION HINTS BY AN EXPERT [ALLEGED].

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Mr. Frank Harris  
on Shakespeare.

I suppose one ought not to write about a book until one has finished reading it, and I confess I have not quite finished Mr. Frank Harris's "The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life-Story" (Frank Palmer). But since it is the only book I have read since last week, and I am immensely interested in it, I may as well write something about it now; that, surely, is more like the lounging this column professes than it would be to cudgel one's poor brains to think of a subject. I have read most of it, and have got, I think, the gist of what remains, and even if I *had* read it all, I should not dream of pronouncing a "final judgment" upon it. Mr. Harris knows Shakespeare a very great deal better than I, and since his book consists of a theory of probabilities built up by quotations, my lesser knowledge must put me out of the judge's seat: if I were presumptuous enough to climb into it. Possibly, if I knew the plays and the sonnets as thoroughly as he, I might become a disputant, and answer quotation by quotation. As it is, I have never read Shakespeare as a keen student should. I love him for his music, the perfection of phrase with which he expresses so many of our common attitudes and emotions; and, like many another I suppose, I have been grateful to him for giving strong and exquisite words to private emotions of my own. In all this and in what follows—I make the remark for the sake of readers kind enough to have read me before—I speak, of course, of Shakespeare as the author of the plays, without prejudice to those of us who find it so difficult to believe that that author was the player from Stratford. I do not see that Mr. Harris's theory really affects the question: the man he builds up out of the plays might as well have been somebody else, though, no doubt, he fits in what we know of Shakespeare to his theory. For example, say that he proves his view that the writer of the plays was very often brooding on a woman with black hair and a pale face, for whom he had an ill-starred passion, and that this passion was the direct inspiration of many of them: is it an absolute necessity to believe that this lady was Mistress Fitton? But I am not going to argue on this point, and if Mr. Harris sees these lines I beg him not to be infuriated by it. I should like him to read the little suggestions I have to make on his book apart from it, and have only mentioned it, perhaps superfluously, for the sake of consistency.

**His System.** Well, then, Mr. Harris's method is somewhat as follows: He argues that an author describes best the kind of man he is himself, and the emotions he himself feels. Shakespeare is better at drawing dreamers and philosophers than men of action, men of affairs; therefore he was a dreamer. Proceeding on these lines, Mr. Harris finds certain other qualities reappearing in the best-drawn characters, and attributes them to Shakespeare; in effect, he says, these characters *are* Shakespeare. Shakespeare, he says, is not only Hamlet, but Macbeth, Romeo,

Antonio, Jaques, and others too. Now, it would be absurd to deny that there is much in this argument. A poet of intense feeling is likely to put much of himself into his creations. Byron put himself into all his. But is it safe to say that a creator of wide observation, as surely Shakespeare was, necessarily draws best characters most like himself? Can anyone think of a character more unlike Thackeray than Captain Costigan, in "Pendennis"? Yet Cos is one of the most vividly and perfectly drawn figures in Thackeray's works. I merely remark that the principle is a dangerous one, and that it underlies Mr. Harris's whole position. When he argues a little more widely, a little less particularly, I think he is on firmer ground. That Shakespeare was a passionate

lover no one who was ever in love could possibly doubt. And I agree with Mr. Harris that the man's nature was intensely sensual. (Lover and sensualist are not the same thing, but it is possible to be both.) I think, however, that he exaggerates the respect for high place and titles in the plays; he speaks roundly of their snobbery and flunkeyism. That, surely, is to judge one age by the circumstances of another; it is enough to say that Shakespeare, like Scott, had a feeling for the picturesque and dramatic elements in old titles and the rest of it. But always Mr. Harris argues with force and ingenuity, and the magic of the poetry he quotes would make a worse book delightful.

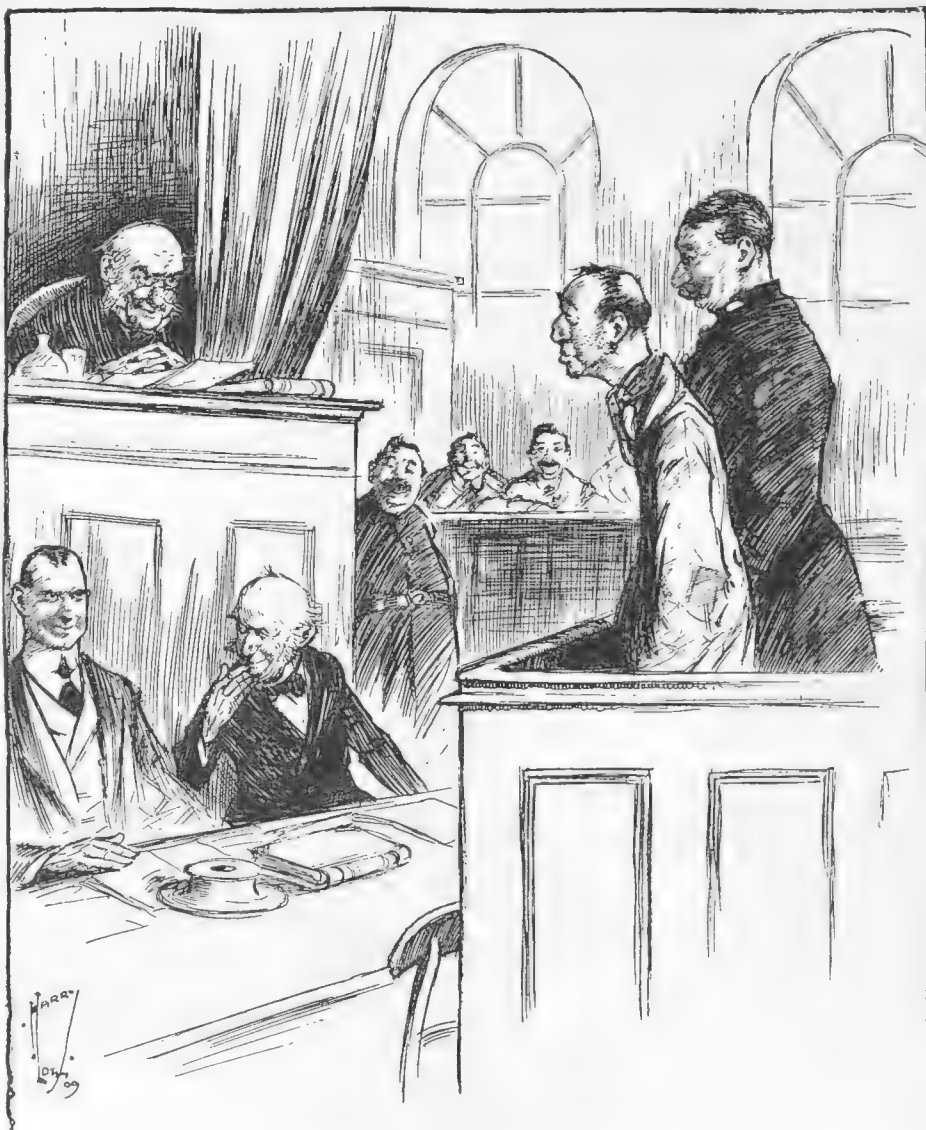
**Mary Fitton.** The best of it all, to my mind, is the part where he writes of the woman who, he thinks, was the tragedy of Shakespeare's life. He takes her, of course, to be the dark lady of the Sonnets and Mary Fitton. Apart from any interest of an argument, the skill with which he finds this dark lady in some of the plays, there in the flesh, and inspiring

others, and the intense human interest of the theme hold one tightly. Simply as stuff to read, I have read for ages nothing better than this part of Mr. Harris's book—page 202 and those following. True in fact or not, the story of passion he finds and tells most admirably is one not to be forgotten. It is not, probably, an uncommon one in the world, though it is one not characteristic of the lives of the respectable middle classes in this country. I do not care to write about it at the end of a lounging article, but it would be unfair to write of the book at all and not to pay a tribute to these fine chapters in it.

**An Academy of Letters.**

If I had not written of Mr. Harris's book, I suppose I must have chattered about that Academy of Literature which is proposed from time to time, and has lately been proposed again. But it's a futile subject. If we could have an authority which might do something to correct our taste in literature, it would be an admirable thing. But is there any conceivable authority which we should respect in this matter?

N. O. I.



THE PRISONER: I 'ad great provocation, yer Honour; I 'it 'er 'cause she said I talked like a blooming gramophone.

HIS HONOUR: Well, perhaps she was right—your record is bad enough. Sixty days.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOWE.



MERELY DE SEAT!



SHE (*taking the place he has offered her*): So sorry to deprive you of your seat.  
MONSIEUR: Ah, no depravity, Mees.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

## A PAIR OF THEM.



PROUD "AUTUMN" FATHER: Bless me, it's really marvellous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles.

THE "FED-UP" FRIEND: Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humour.



THE PROVISION-DEALER'S WIFE (getting ready to attend a local function): Now, Mary Jane, tell me, how does it look?

MARY JANE (a good girl, but tactless, and over-used to the sight of the master's stock): Oh, Mum, you look bee-utiful—just like one o' them lovely Christmas 'ams.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

The Black  
Type.

In comin'  
to the  
Black

Type of woman, and I may say that I have looked forward to this with enormous pleasure—for I am still, as you will see, busily at work upon how to make love to the Ten Types—I think that I am goin' to be even more epoch-makin' than usual. But please don't run away with the idea that poor old Bee is talkin' through his hat in this business. Without descendin' to intimacy, I would like just to skim lightly over the fact that I have, luckily, been in love with several members of all these types, singly and together. For I hold, and hold tightly, that if a man is not in love he is not a man. Be a golfer in the daytime, a poloist in the afternoon, and a bridge-player before dinner; but be in love at night. I mean, of course, and this seems to demand a slight explanation, carry your heart upon the sleeve of your evening-coat. Go into a ball-room, d'y'see, ready and willin' to meet love half-way. Let the fairy-lamp in the conservatory flicker for a purpose. Do not let the long-haired German in the bandstand tremolo for nothing. Life is short and women are many, and bein' in love keeps one away from the awful portals of St. George's, Hanover Square. A man who is in love with two women at a time may remain a member of the Bachelors' Club without payin' the fine. And so on. Preliminaries over, let's dash into the subject in hand, or rather, let us go nearer to the Black Type. In case I'm not making myself quite clear, let me say that by the Black Type I do not mean the negress. I mean the lady whose naturally wavy hair is raven, whose eyes are violet, and whose skin is snowy. You will find, if you do not already know it, that the Black Type is always tall, willowy, with a languid energy, and a restless restfulness. If she is not, she is very small, alert, perky, not to say nippy; and whether she is tall or short, there is Spanish blood in her veins.

Her Moods. Whether tall or short, the Black Type is the same. She is full of merry laugh-

ter, when she is not overwhelmed with despair and depression. Either she is up or she is down. She has no medium way, no middle path, none of the comfortable, soothing liveliness of the charming commonplace. It is not easy to say in which of the moods she is most advisably to be avoided. When up, you might as well be harnessed to a star; when down, chained to the bottom pile of a pier. In her merry moods she will drag you into adventures; when down, cover you with seaweed. In both moods she is not more expensive than her sisters of the other types; but, mark you, not less. She is, on the other hand, of a generous disposition. She will buy things for you—little things, it is true, boxes of cigars and biscuits and so forth, and they will be



LEADER OF THE BOY SCOUTS: CAPTAIN SIR FRANCIS VANE, IN HIS NEW UNIFORM.

Sir Francis, wearing his new uniform, made an imposing figure at the head of the Boy Scouts in the Lord Mayor's procession. Sir Francis, who takes the greatest and most practical interest in the new movement, is the fifth Baronet; was born in 1861; and succeeded his cousin last year. For five years he was a lieutenant in the Worcester Militia and the Scots Guards; for four years he was lieutenant in the Submarine Mining regiment. He served in South Africa during the recent war. He is an honorary captain in the Regular Army. While he was in South Africa in 1902 and 1903 he acted as special correspondent for the "Daily News" and wrote also for the "Westminster" and for the "Manchester Guardian." In 1884 and 1885 he was resident at Toynbee Hall; in the following year, he raised the first corps of working boys cadets.

Photograph by L.N.A.



THE ENVIED OF ALL BRITISH SUFFRAGETTES: MISS ANNA ROCHSTAD (THE FIRST WOMAN ELECTED TO THE STÖRTHING, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE OF NORWAY) VOTING. Miss Rochstad is a school-mistress. By the Constitution of Norway the legislative power of the realm is vested in the Störthing, the representative of the sovereign people. Royal veto may be exercised twice; but should the rejected measure be passed by three Stö-things formed by separate and subsequent elections, it becomes law without the Sovereign's assent. The Störthing assembles every year.—[Photograph by Rolak.]

good. But although she will buy things and pay for them, you will be required, in the end, to pay for them yourself four times over. For the Black Type demands your constant attention and the whole of your time. She permits you to have no other hobby. She allows you no respite. You are her prisoner; you cannot escape. If you do, if you are foolish enough to give yourself an afternoon off, you might just as well build a little log hut on the top of Mont Pélée, or our old friend Vesuvius. In other words, there will be an outpouring of lava, scorchin', swift, devastatin', and you will wish that you were in the quiet company of your forebears somewhere near the ancestral brass, not far from the cypress-tree. Puttin' it poetically, you must build your willow-cabin at her gate. Or, in the language of the evening papers, you must occupy a flat round the corner from her father's well-ordered family mansion. And—underline the "and"—you must be on the telephone. For, five minutes after you have said good-bye for ever, she will ring you up and make an appointment for the followin' afternoon. I mean that although she quarrels like a vixen, she forgives like an angel. There is, in other words, no throwin' her off. Some angels quarrel and set you free, but the Black Type quarrels and grapples you to her with bands of steel. Oh that Black Type! Well, well.

Daniel to the  
Lioness.

It is pretty clear, therefore, that when you make love to the Black Type you make love under difficulties. I say that you make love under difficulties because you don't make love, so to speak, out of yourself. You do it to order. You do it, in other words, under pressure, to command. Whatever may be your mood—and the Lord knows there are times when makin' love is far from your thoughts, especially if you are a golfer and are gone rotten with your putter—you must, you absolutely must, immediately you are in her presence, be the Crusader. Loose your arrows and be masterful. If this should need an explanation, and I don't see why it should,

what I mean is this. You must concentrate; you must drag yourself from other thoughts and fix them upon her, otherwise you will find that Spain, although a sunny clime, would be all the better for an occasional cold-snap. And mind you, I am not talkin' of this as though you were actually engaged and courtin'. By no means. You may be, as a matter of fact, actually engaged and courtin' another, and the Black Type may know it. It makes no difference. You have gone into the lioness's den, and you must consequently play Daniel. Until another comes along with a blander face and more glossy hair, better teeth and a straighter nose, ears that lie further back and longer lashes; you are, to put it carefully, required. Oh, the Black Type. Well, well!

## HULLO! HULLO! DODGING DEATH FOR A LIVING.



A WORKMAN WHO IS ABOVE THE AVERAGE: A TELEPHONE OPERATOR SUSPENDED OUTSIDE THE LAW COURTS.

The position of the workman, perilous as it seems, is, of course, made safe, not only by the skill of the man but by the taking of numerous precautions against accidents. Yet probably there are few who would go seeking his "job."

*Photograph by the Advance Company.*



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

**The Winter Game.** The National Hunt season proper will open on Nov. 29, and already there are plenty of horses in good work with a view to meeting their early engagements. The fixture-list is a strong one, and with the exception of the week in which Christmas Day falls there will be racing on nearly every day during the winter season. This is, of course, if the weather is kind. In the early part of the season there will be great interest taken in the three-year-old hurdle-races, and it is to be hoped the big owners of flat-racers will give their young horses a chance under these rules. A little jumping practice is not likely to hurt a flat-racer, while it is of great service to bad-tempered horses. After the New Year comes in there will be decided some of the valuable hurdle-races and steeplechases, and it is to be hoped that owners of Grand National horses will run them out for their engagements prior to the big race. A race in public does a first-class horse much more good than any number of trials on the training-ground. The winter pastime suffers sadly by the amount of selling steeplechasers. The selling events are oftener than not contested over and over again by the same horses. If the amateur riders having horses of the second class could only be induced to patronise this particular branch of the pastime, things could easily be made to hum during the winter months. As things are, the big fees to be paid to professional jockeys keep owners from patronising selling steeplechases, the prizes for which are very small.

**Aviation.** I think it would not be a bad plan to give an exhibition of the aviator's art at all the race-meetings held in the Metropolitan neighbourhood. It would prove a big draw, and I make a present of the suggestion to those clerks of courses who want to make money. Of course, there are one or two

flying-machine, by-the-bye, may later on be used to signal winners to far-off telephone-wires, but they would be useless for this purpose in the case of heavy fog. That reminds me that at one of the South-coast meetings, where the winners are signalled over hill and dale for four miles to a telephone-office, a fog sprang up recently all at once, and the signal system failed lamentably. It was then that the club habitués found themselves waiting at least fifteen minutes behind the usual time before getting the result of the race. A year or two back an "enterprising" paper "told the tale" about receiving its winners by wireless telegraphy. I expect now we shall soon be told that it "gets the goods" by special aviator.



THE HARE NO TORTOISE COULD CATCH: LAYING THE TRAIL IN A PAPER-CHASE FOR MOTOR-CYCLISTS.

*Photograph by Topical.*

**Plungers.** I am told that the amateur plungers have had a very bad time of late, as many of the big races have produced extraordinary results. I also hear, and I give the rumour for what it is worth, that some of our jockeys have made a lot of money out of the bookmakers lately. In a certain race, it is said, four jockeys between them took £14,000 from the layers, and the commissions were worked in Liverpool, Leeds, and Newcastle. Not a penny-piece of the money found its

way back to the course, with the result that the winner started at a good price. Of course, everybody knows that by the rules of the Jockey Club jockeys are not allowed to bet. It is further well known that if they are found out they get sent down peremptorily; but some of the jockeys do it notwithstanding, and one of their number is said to have had a most successful year with his speculation on the Turf. I do not know how the schemes are worked in the present day, but I do know that years ago when the members of the jockey ring wanted to make money they always picked out a horse that was to be ridden by an honest boy, who,



WITH THE QUORN, MISS FORESTER, DAUGHTER OF THE MASTER.

*Photographs by the Sports Company.*



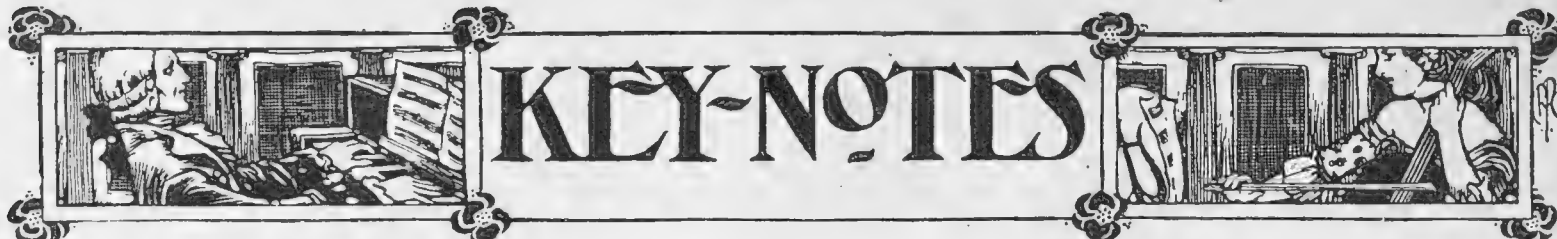
WITH THE QUORN, THE MISSES CRAWFORD RIDING ASTRIDE.

race-tracks where it would be dangerous to go up in a flying-machine, but the majority of our park courses could be used for the show. Many people who now stay at home would willingly pay ring fees if it were possible to see a "flyer" go up between the races. Indeed, it may soon become possible to institute really interesting races between the aviators. One thing is certain: the flying-machine has come to stay—at least, for sporting purposes. The

by-the-bye, knew nothing whatever of their scheme. They selected the boy because they knew he was always a trier. The result was that the rider in question at times brought off some extreme outside chances, to the astonishment even of his employers.

CAPTAIN COE.

*Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.*



### The Paderewski Symphony.

Few tasks can be less grateful than that of commenting in terms that fall short of appreciation upon an elaborate work of art. "For my part," wrote the late Algernon Charles Swinburne on a well-remembered occasion, "I cannot see what can attract men to criticism unless it be the noble pleasure of praising." Ignaz Paderewski is so highly honoured in this country, so universally esteemed in all musical circles as a brilliant musician and one of the greatest pianists of our time, that his adventures as a composer are bound to command a respectful hearing. In a busy life he has found time for comparatively few compositions; a Concerto and a "Polish Fantasia" for piano and orchestra, and an opera, "Manru," of which nothing but an orchestral selection has been heard in England, were the only outstanding works associated prominently with his name until the "Polish Symphony" was given by the Boston Orchestra in the United States some months ago. The mere announcement that this new work was to be given by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Richter's direction, sufficed to sell every seat in the Queen's Hall a week before the concert was given. To add to the interest, it was known that the Symphony was M. Paderewski's tribute to his own beloved country, a record in the most elaborate form known to musicians of the suffering, struggles, and hopes of a country that has always appealed with intense force to chivalrous Englishmen. It was recognised on every hand that the dominant note of the great pianist's work would be sincerity. The flattery of the Old World and the New has proved powerless to turn Ignaz Paderewski into a *poseur*.

### A First Impression.

It is hard to form, and still more hard to deliver, a final judgment upon any symphony at a first hearing. To recognise the thematic material in all its varied and transient forms, to note the composer's sense of orchestral fitness and his mastery of counterpoint, to connect the music with the message it sets out to deliver, and finally, to judge the whole intention and accomplishment from the standpoint of achievement of accepted masterpieces in the same form, demands not one hearing, but several, and each succeeding performance adds to our knowledge of detail and effect, helps us to turn from broad and clearly defined expressions to the nuances and fine shades—to borrow the Meredithian phrase—that reveal the composer's personality. But those who are conversant with the masterpieces of music, who are constantly reminded of the way in which the great masters—Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and others—dealt with the symphonic form, there

Symphony is not a success: the relation of the means to the end is curiously unsatisfactory; there is a lack of symmetry in the design; there is much music that is merely discursive; the climacteric so diligently sought after is never reached; there is little that flatters the head and less that touches the heart. There is nothing in themes or treatment that, at a first hearing, proclaims the masterpiece. As absolute music, the Polish Symphony may attract interest; as an expression of Poland's long night of suffering it is, in the light of a first hearing, inadequate. Happily, any disappointment to which the first performance of the symphony may have given rise was mitigated to no small extent by the composer's playing of the solo part in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. The "Polish Symphony" is to be given again, under Dr. Richter's direction, at a special concert, and M. Paderewski will be present as solo pianist.



THE OLDEST ENGLISH ORGANIST, MISS ELLEN DAY (AGED EIGHTY-ONE), ORGANIST AT CHRIST CHURCH, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

Miss Day was an infant prodigy pianist, and played before Queen Victoria soon after her Majesty came to the throne.—[Photograph by Emberson.]

### Other Concerts.

Even Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird would find a certain difficulty in attending all the interesting concerts that November offers to Londoners; it would often be necessary to be in four, instead of two, places at one time. That promising young violinist, Eddy Brown, has given another recital, to the great joy of his admirers, whose attitude suggests that they are quite satisfied with what he has already accomplished and do not wish him to take the necessary time to perfect his gift. Mr. Francis Richter, a blind pianist, pupil of Leschetizky, has given a remarkable display of ability at the Æolian Hall. Like the most of the famous master's pupils, he has all the technique of his art at his finger-tips, and, like the most of the professor's pupils, he is reluctant to allow the audience to forget the fact. His playing is wonderful, but it has more virtuosity than depth of feeling. Miss Alice Mandeville has given one of her rare recitals at Bechstein Hall, and displayed yet again the beauty of her voice, the sincerity of her purpose, the range of her artistic resources, and the fine catholicity of her taste.

### For the Children of the Very Poor.

On Sunday night the Playgoers' Club will give at His Majesty's Theatre its annual concert for the benefit of the Pantomime Fund. This fund takes thousands of the poorest youngsters in slumland to the pantomime of their district, and provides them with the refreshments most suited to their years and tastes. Among those who have promised their services are Mlle. Marie Wadia, Mr. Gwilym Wigley, whose appearance at the Albert Hall last week created so much interest; Eddy Brown, the young violinist, and that rapidly rising pianist, Miss Myra Hess. The band of the Royal Horse Guards will also assist, and the programmes and souvenirs of the occasion will be sold by well-known actresses. Music and charity seldom meet on happier grounds than on this occasion, and few charity concerts are more deserving of support.



TO GIVE A RECITAL ON FRIDAY NEXT: M. TIVADAR NACHEZ.

M. Nachez, the well-known violinist, assisted by Mr. Plunket Greene, will give a recital at the Æolian Hall on Friday afternoon. Included in the violinist's programme will be Bach's "Partita" in E Minor for violin and organ, and selections from, amongst other composers, Mozart, Tartini, Vivaldi, Desplantes, and Parry.

Photograph by Langhans.

is a certain rough, ready, and instinctive method of appraising a masterpiece at first hearing; the melodic outline, the development of themes, and the general broad outline of the results is more or less revealed at once. Judged by this standard, the Paderewski



TO TAKE UP HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON: DR. SERGE BARJANSKY.

The young Russian 'cellist is about to make his home in England. He is a Doctor of Science of the Odessa University, and is a mathematician of note. He was born at Odessa in 1884, and began to study the 'cello there. Later, he was at Leipzig, under Herr Klengel.

Photograph by Pieperhoff.

COMMON CHORD.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Historian and the Novelist.**

The appearance of the memoirs of W. E. H. Lecky remind one what a staunch champion of the woman's cause passed away with the Irish historian. Though a Conservative, he was in favour of the enfranchisement of women, arguing that those of the upper and middle

classes, at any rate, often wasted valuable time and energy on puerile things, and in mischievous ways—time and energy which might be devoted to the public good. Nor did he, like so many famous masculine writers, ignore the value of the woman-novelist's work. A pleasing recollection is that of Mr. Lecky assuring me at a dinner party that he had found Maria Edgeworth's novels of Irish life of incalculable use when he was writing his history of Ireland. Women have often a Balzacian love of detail, and the details in "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee" were precisely of a nature to throw a searchlight on the social and domestic life in the late eighteenth century. Ireland, indeed, has been happy in her feminine novelists, and the torch of illuminating and

prison? Why should we expect a wife and mother to know all about the differential calculus, be an expert on hygienic drainage, to have dissected the human anatomy, and to have mastered the latest principles of heat, health, education, cooking, and lighting? If every young matron were such a prodigy of learning, would it make her more attractive to her husband or dearer to her children? I doubt it. Then, again, the competition would be unfair, and what, one may ask the theorists who insist upon reform, would become of the family doctor, the plumber, the electric-light man; all the creatures, in fact, who gather about our dwellings and repair our persons and our pipes when disaster overtakes them? Are none of these excellent individuals to earn a living because the real "head of the house" is omniscient? To most of us the attraction of Home is that it is a place "where you can make as much mess" as you like. And long may it be guarded from the ruthless attacks and rigid rules of Science.

**The Revival of the Fan.**

Fans—those age-old implements of coquetry—are to be revived again this winter, and lessons from an expert will have to be taken if due effect is to be got from their use.

The patched and powdered ladies of the eighteenth century evolved a vast deal of meaning from the flirt of a fan; indeed, I am not sure that the word "flirt," now part of all human civilised speech, did not come, in the first instance, from the handling of this feminine weapon. In the eighteenth century the fan was primarily a weapon of defence. The lady raised it to hide the blush on her rouged cheek, to look roguishly over the top, to avoid the bore, and to punish the fop. At that period it was very small, very costly, and painted and carved by the most famous artists. Afterwards, in the nineteenth century, it grew in size, lessened in value, and was often used in offensive attack, such as rapping impudent fellows over the knuckles, or as a wand to wave the rash of the other sex away. At the period of the 'nineties the fan waxed to gigantic proportions, could no longer be painted, but had to be composed of ostrich-feathers, like a coster-girl's gigantic hat. In this latter guise it served as a screen for confidences in Society and at the Opera, and the tales told behind those fans would form amusing memoirs of the late Victorian age.



THE TRICOT CORSET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

humorous observation has been handed on, even into this century, to such charming writers as Jane Barlow and the inimitable "twin authors," E. CE. Somerville and Martin Ross.

**"Air-Hogs."**

Mr. Moore-Brabazon, the aviator, is another Irish person with a national sense of fun, or not otherwise would he have taken up a small pig in his aeroplane to refute the significance of the saying, "Pigs might fly." It is not probable that this innocent porker was asked if he approved of the adventure, but it is recorded that he behaved with perfect dignity and propriety, thus setting a shining example to his prototypes, the inevitable "air-hogs." For that aviation will produce horrors such as disgraced the beginnings of motoring there is small reason to doubt, and in Mr. Kipling's extraordinary story, "With the Night Mail," we get a glimpse of these offenders, and what their punishment is likely to be. The flying hog-man will be warned off the currents and tracks which are frequented by the great passenger air-ships, and told, by the ethereal police, to "go higher up." Now, a certain distance above the earth it is uncommonly cold and disagreeable, there is difficulty in breathing, and symptoms of air-sickness may be expected to set in. To fly with any comfort, then, people will have to observe the rules of the air, to be at least as courteous as sailors have shown themselves, and not bring the new means of locomotion into disrepute by selfish invasion of other people's currents or winds.

**The "Scientific" Home.**

There is something disquieting in the idea which we hear so continually nowadays that Science must be applied to the Home. This essentially British institution is already none too popular à l'heure qu'il est; why, then, should we insist on making it still more unattractive by administering it on rigid lines, like a hospital or a



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON DRESS OF CHARMEUSE CLOTH WITH RAISED-SILK EMBROIDERY.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

### Town Full.

On a fine day, it is possible to get into as many blocks in Piccadilly, Bond Street, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall as if it were June. Town is full, and many people are busy doing Christmas shopping, lest the word comes to go canvassing such time as the merry season itself comes round. I saw four Duchesses in about a quarter of an hour the other morning. One was her Grace of Rutland, wearing a braided black-cloth coat and skirt, lovely silver-fox furs, and a black hat with blue and mauve wings in it. In her bodice was a cluster of carnations, dull mauve and pink. They were real ones, and to me a new colour in that sweet-scented flower. Next I saw the tall, slender Duchess of Marlborough step out of a motor-car, clad delightfully in soft, bloom-like blue velvet, wearing a hat to match and sables. Then I saw Adeline Duchess of Bedford, in black, with ermine furs, some used to trim her toque, as well as a long, broad stole and big, fluffy muff of this luxurious fur; and then I espied the Duchess of Wellington, in dull-rose heliotrope, with a big beaver hat to match, having one long ostrich-plume in it.

### The Mould of Form.

Never has the female form divine loomed up so importantly in the scheme of womanhood as now. The face is by no means all now, because style is more than beauty, and style is in figure more than face. This being so, it is small wonder that the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, is looked upon by ladies as a place where stylish figures are made possible to all. These corsets are works of art. The one illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page is of the wonderful tricot, which is like another, and a supporting, skin. It is so beautifully cut that it absolutely does mould the figure to its own symmetrical lines, and is so long right down over the hips that its moulding capabilities take the whole figure into account. This corset costs four guineas. There are others for two-and-a-half guineas, and for 25s., that are also most effective in their moulding qualities; in fact, save for some difference in material, they are on the same lines, as long and as symmetrical. They are in all shapes and sizes, and while moulding the form, are as comfortable to wear as a well-fitting glove. There is an added attraction at the firm's show-rooms in the shape of a manufacturer's stock of model coats and skirts and travelling-coats of the popular frieze, the models of a Viennese firm. It is true, though it sounds a flattering tale, that one can buy for four guineas a smart, stylish braided skirt and long coat to match, lined with satin and with velvet collar; also long travelling coats for 35s. Then blouses, necessities to all of us, are so cheap and so dainty and pretty, also greatly varied in style; while there are fascinating silk and satin evening-gowns from five-and-a-half guineas. These are all tempting prices for such first-rate things.

**Our Royal Scrubb.** A King knows a good thing as well as his subjects, and our own Sovereign has given his appointment to Messrs. Scrubb and Co. for their renowned Cloudy Fluid Ammonia. A similar honour has been accorded to the firm by the King of Spain, making them, by appointment to his most Catholic Majesty, manufacturers of Ammonia for use in the Royal Household.

**Noble Mayoresses.** There are to be many great ladies in civic high places this year. Countess Fitzwilliam is Lady Mayoress of Sheffield. The Duke of Norfolk had a long term of office as Lord Mayor, when his sister, Lady Mary Howard, acted as Lady Mayoress. Countess Fitzwilliam is a dainty Lady Mayoress, and attended the service in the parish church with the Corporation and the Lord Mayor, Earl Fitzwilliam, last Sunday. She is a fine sports-woman, and an excellent amateur actress. She was married in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Marchioness of Exeter will be another very attractive young noble Mayoress. There are several other consorts of civic rulers belonging to the Peerage for this coming year.

**A Cardinal Comfort.** The cold snap sent us all into winter garments, which made it a really enjoyable and exhilarating experience for us. Wolsey underwear, so successful that the company are compelled to build another great factory, despite the fact that they were already the largest manufacturers of underwear in Britain, is consistently excellent, and is guaranteed against shrinking. The Wolsey Life scheme is a competition which will interest all. A postcard to the company at Leicester, or inquiry at your draper's, will elicit all information regarding it.

**Ease and Elegance.** Nowadays every woman knows that the fit and style of her dress depend upon her corset. Messrs. D. H. Evans, who have the largest departments in Britain for ladies' underclothing and corsets, have just

now a special display of corsets. Those known as the Abdonia are attracting an extraordinary amount of attention, and becoming more and more necessary to women who like to look their best and yet feel comfortable. These have also the merit of being very moderate in price, none being more than 19s. 11d., while some are obtainable for 5s. 11d. They are in white and grey coutille and brochés of different pattern, and in white batiste. The special way they lap over in front will commend them to all who appreciate style and comfort. They are to be had medium, slight, and full, and high or low in the bust, as desired.

### Gems and Gem-Setting.

If there is one thing that appeals to women in the way of ornament more than another it is lovely jewels. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have a special display just now at their magnificent premises, 158, Oxford Street, which it is quite a pleasure to see. It is delightful not alone for beauty and novelty of design and workmanship, of which we may all be proud as British, but for a display of singularly fine stones, set and unset. There is a cabochon ruby of unusual size, which was given by the Empress Eugénie to one of the Marshals of France. There is a platinum-set pendant formed of large, pear-shaped orange tourmaline falling from a line of four diamonds and from a square tourmaline as deep and soft a blue as a sapphire. A wonderful example of setting is a bird-brooch with outspread wings from which falls a watch, both encrusted with New Mine Montana sapphires; another is a monkey in diamonds swinging a diamond encrusted brooch. A tiara in diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, embodying most cleverly a peacock with wings outspread, is another delightful novelty. Superb sapphire and diamond, Persian turquoise and diamond, ruby and diamond, black opal and diamond, ordinary opal and diamond, and emerald and diamond ornaments entrance one's eyes. It is of great interest, too, to go upstairs to the work-rooms and see the setters, polishers, and cutters at work. There are fine jewels at 220, Regent Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street, Mappin and Webb's other London premises. At their Oxford Street branch, however, is a special display. The firm make a particular feature of facilities for purchase by post, which our readers in the provinces, in the Colonies, in America, on the Continent, or elsewhere abroad, will find extremely useful. On receipt of a cheque or postal order, with a description of what is required, Messrs. Mappin and Webb will forward a selection of goods, and if any article sent is not approved, the money will be refunded on the article being returned.

### A Wedding Garment.

Afternoon dresses are now usually to be seen at weddings, charity sales and entertainments, and at homes. A drawing of a charming one appears on Woman's Ways Page. It is of soft charmeuse cloth in a rich grenat shade, and is finished with raised-silk embroidery.

Society in the Midlands, especially cricket society, is much interested in the news that a marriage has been arranged between Mr. Thomas Edgar Manning (the popular captain of the Northants County Cricket Club) and Miss Frances Dorothy Randall. Miss Randall is the youngest daughter of the High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, Sir Henry Randall; and Mr. T. E. Manning is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Manning, of Northampton.

It is a feather in the cap of the Swan Fountain Pen that the winners of the world's shorthand championship, recently held at Olympia, all used one of these famous pens. They each attained a speed of 220 words a minute. Mr. Reuben J. Garwood was awarded the championship cup, Mr. Herbert Byers the gold medal, and Mr. William F. Smart the silver medal. The last-named has used his Swan Fountain Pen for nineteen years, and its swan song is not yet.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well-known wine-merchants, have given us some interesting details as to this year's vintages. As regards port, the vines in the Douro district suffered from drought, and the wines are consequently somewhat wanting in body. Some useful wines for lodge purposes will, however, be obtained. For the champagne vintage the summer has been a particularly bad one, and the wine made will be very ordinary. The crop of the claret vintage is much below the medium as regards quantity, but the favourable conditions of the vintage will contribute greatly to the quality. The 1909 crop in the Burgundy district is very small. One must go back quite fifty years to find an equally bad year. In the Hock and Moselle country, on the average, barely half a full crop was secured. Sherry is about one-third more in quantity than in 1908, and the quality is expected to be good. The 1909 crop of Cognac brandy is a fair one.



SYMBOL OF THE SWAY OF LEARNING: THE GOLD MACE PRESENTED BY MR. W. GIBSON TO THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST.

At a reception held on Saturday at the Queen's University, Belfast, there was on view the handsome gold mace presented to the University by Mr. William Gibson. It is richly carved and jewelled, and bears the arms of the University, with figures representing Learning, Science, Letters and Art. The head resembles the High Cross of Monasterboice. This fine mace was designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 24.*

## MISCELLANEOUS MARKET MEMS.

FOR the sharp rise in Hudson's Bays one must seek explanation in some extremely important developments that will be announced shortly with regard to the rearrangement of certain parts of the Company's sphere of operations. It is expected by well-informed people that the price will go over 100.

The directors of the Gwalia Consolidated might easily have given their shareholders a dividend of threepence a share as the result of the last year's working. After providing for every contingency, and writing off practically all the development work, there was still £13,000 of profit to be dealt with. It would have taken something less than £10,000 to pay a threepenny dividend, to which we think the shareholders were entitled.

Eastmans, the butchers, are said to be doing splendidly, and not only is a 12 per cent. dividend anticipated next February, but a substantial addition to the reserve is also talked about.

Associated Portland Cements are widely puffed, but from what little we know we should politely decline to touch the shares.

People who like Insurance shares will find a good thing in the new fully paid Law Union and Crown, which can be bought at 6. The last dividends came to 6s. 6d. a share, so 5½ per cent. can be obtained on the money.

As a really good and high-class investment Port of London 4 per Cent. B stock at 102 is one of the best we know. It is not yet a trustee security, but will become so in course of time; and the return, allowing for accrued interest, is practically the round 4 per cent. on the money.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Somehow or other everything just now seems to be awry in the Stock Exchange. Why it is, one finds it difficult to say, although undoubtedly the dearness of money has much to do with it. Yet, had we a 2 or 3 per cent. Bank Rate, instead of a 5 per cent., would things be materially better? Yes, I admit it is a stupid question, because it is so unanswerable. One marvels at the childish impertinence of men who declare that such and such a worthy, long since dead, would have acted and spoken in some particular way (that suits their own book) had he been alive. We may guess, of course, at what a man might have done or said; but as to possessing the intimate knowledge claimed, for instance, by some politicians as to how Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield would have behaved in certain circumstances, one might just as well pretend to be acquainted with the views of a dead dog on the subject of the best kind of cheese for rats.

By the way, "rats" is rather a dangerous word to use in the Kaffir Circus at present. Some folks are smarting under the impression, which may be right or wrong, that some other folks have been "ratting," to the spoiling of the market generally. One knows a little, and hears a great deal more, of the underhand, none-too-clean work that goes on beneath the benign ægis of two or three of what custom calls "big houses." They are out for profit—personal profit. After me, the deluge. Devil take the hindmost. All that sort of thing. The luckless speculator gets tired, to extinction (of his bank-balance), in the game of "shell-out" as played with monotonous regularity each account, and at last throws away his shares in desperation. I tell you, as I've told you dozens of times before, that speculation on the bull tack is a game for fools.

Speculative investment, now, is a horse of quite another colour. And the clever buyer is not the man who expects to get in right at the bottom, but he who is content to step in and buy when he considers prices are intrinsically low enough to make a purchase worth while, even though the shares may go lower before the turn of the tide arrives. There was a little list of good dividend-paying Kaffirs in last week's *Sketch*, and it appears to me that the buyer of to-day can run very little risk in the purchase of such shares as New Primrose, Heriots, Rand Mines, even Johnnies. Of the non-dividend-payers, I should put Wolhuter and Randfontein well up in the list, and perhaps one ought not to omit the 6 per cent. Debentures of the Randfontein Estates, which stand about 115, pay 5½ per cent. on the money, and are convertible into shares on certain conditions that make the option well worth having. It is difficult to avoid the impression that interested parties are doing their very best to make things look their very worst. One may decline to believe the current yarns about one "big house" attacking the shares of another. One may not credit the circulating statement that the recruiting agencies on the Rand could lay their hands on a hundred thousand additional "boys" to-morrow, if it suited them to do so. You don't believe all you hear, any more than you believe all you read—except in one or two papers. But sifting fancy, prejudice, and lies—so far as one can—from common-sense probabilities and well-known facts, the man who really studies the Kaffir Circus will be forced to the conclusion that things could be made so very much brighter, and rationally so, if certain people chose to work that way instead of the other. And a word to the wise—

What shall we do with our Yankees? The market hangs fire, and each little rise seems to be succeeded by a larger fall. To the impatient speculator there is much that irritates, annoys, and vexes in a market obstinately refusing to move, to any appreciable extent, one way or the other. Why doesn't Wall Street get on with its work?

"No market's brought into the House whose work  
Does not come with it. There is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will."

(Will some kind friend inform me whether it is strictly correct to decorate a misquotation with inverted commas?) In the Yankee Market, as with Kaffirs, one must be a bull of patience as well as of shares, else one may throw up the game altogether. A sound and shrewd authority on the Yankee Market declared

to me a few days back that, allowing for spasms every now and again, the man who buys Yankees at the present time will see prices not only much higher, but very much higher, a year hence. The buoyancy of the market, as we all know well enough, was checked abruptly by the rise in money rates, and the effect of dear money is more of a burden than the Preacher's grasshopper. Release prices from this incubus, as they will be released in the New Year, and the full effect—the cumulative effect—of good trade and prosperity in the United States will come to be realised, with the result that prices of Yankee Rails will go ahead with a rush.

The same, it is to be feared, cannot justly be said about Argentine Railway stocks. The day of reckoning arrived sooner than a good many people expected, and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific débacle gave an illuminating instance of what the public can do with semi-investment stocks when anything occurs that they, the public, don't like. Argentina has got a longish row to hoe before all the millions of capital poured into her fruitful land can be expected to grow remunerative. People who are worried as to what they shall do with Argentine Railway stocks have to set before themselves two alternatives: the first, that they will possibly have to make some sacrifice of dividend, and see the price of their security shrink while they hold on confident that in the long run they will be rewarded for their patience; or else, they must sell now, probably at a loss, and look out for an opportunity to get in again later on. Personally, I can hardly see how Buenos Ayres and Pacific, Central Argentine, Argentine Great Western, and, quite possibly, Buenos Ayres Great Southern, stocks can hope to escape further falls. Buenos Ayres Western is, to my mind, about the best of the lot, and may come out without much greater drop, but the others may easily shed more points. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary, if the next dividend is passed altogether, ought to go to 75 or 80.

In time, however, all these securities will rear their heads once more, and we shall see them again taking their places with the best second-class investments to be found in the Stock Exchange. On the day when Macaulay's New Zealander shall stand in the midst of a vast solitude on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, the Argentine Republic will have passed through the periods of blossoming and fruit-bearing, and will be at the stage of ripening. I don't, of course, suggest that we shall have to wait quite so long for a profit on Argentine Railway stocks, because it is quite conceivable that one of us who will not then be here is

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## BEIRA RAILWAY SECURITIES.

In the days when the affairs of the Beira Railway were at their lowest ebb, and for a long time after they took a turn for the better, we advised our readers that the Debentures were worth buying, but the time has come for us to say to those who hold either the Income Debentures or the shares that they should realise the very handsome profits which the present inflated prices enable them to secure.

The junior securities especially are changing hands at figures which cannot for many years be justified. There are two kinds of shares neither of which have any face-value, and both of which could readily have been bought by the sackful at sixpence apiece not more than three or four years ago. The bearer certificates, which carry no vote, can now be disposed of for about fourteen shillings each, because, we believe, some Continental operator is short of the scrip; and the registered shares (which are intrinsically worth as much, if not more) are changing hands at 9s. 6d., while the Income Debentures, which have never yet received a penny, are a free market at about 55 or 56, and this in the face of considerable arrears of interest to be made good to the 4½ per cent. First Debentures. To put it shortly, there is no justification for the price of the shares or Income Debentures, and holders should realise while they can, especially shareholders. The 4½ per cent. First Debentures, with about two and a half years' arrears of interest to come off, cannot be considered over-dear at about 93½, especially as the present earnings promise a speedy wiping-off of the unpaid coupons.

Saturday, Nov. 13, 1909.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BALLYNA.—No. 1 is at present very prosperous, but somehow we do not like it or the stable from which it comes. The report of No. 2 has reached you since your letter was written. The Company could well have paid a dividend this year, and we think it was a mistake of the directors not to do so.

PENRYN.—Our advice would be to hold. The business is sound, but the management not by any means what it ought to be. The shares might easily reach £5 if the management were improved.

A. E. P.—We cannot discuss the question raised by you in this column, but agree with much of your letter.

SAN P.—Yes, San Paulo Rio Claro Railway shares are a good investment holding, on which you may sleep in peace. The Company does not operate the line, which has been bought by the Government, and the dividends are paid out of the investment of the purchase price.

SIMLA.—We strongly advise you not to place your money on deposit with the institution named. You can get nearly 5 per cent. in good Bonds readily saleable, such as City of Tokio or City of Mexico.

RUBBER.—(1) See "Q's" note last week. (2) Hudson Bays for a gamble. E. W.—Apply to N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, who will give you the current market price and watch the drawings for you. Personally we see no objection to first-class Premium Bonds. It is all a question of degree.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Derby Cup may be won by Rathlea. Other selections for Derby are: Chesterfield Nursery, Catrail; Markheaton Plate, Artisan; Allestree Plate, Anchora; Chatsworth Handicap, Elspeth; Osmaston Nursery, Flori; Chaddesdon Plate, Cabul; Friary Nursery, Noble. At Gatwick I like these: Nutfield Nursery, Laertius; Long-Distance Handicap, Peach; Capel Welter, Basil. At Warwick, Dibs may win the November Handicap and Anchora the Midland Counties Handicap.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Caravaners."**

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"ELIZABETH AND HER  
GERMAN GARDEN."

(Smith, Elder.)

"Elizabeth" will probably be sorry, on mature reflection, that she wrote "The Caravaners" in such a mood of disfavour towards its principal character. She is plainly out of temper with the unfortunate Prussian officer who spoilt a happy caravaning holiday by his selfishness and his ill-breeding. We appreciate her point of view: "The Caravaners" would have been a delightful book if the Baron had been left out of it; but so much party feeling on the part of his creator is surely not playing the game. The Baron tells the story himself, and is made to accuse himself, out of his own mouth, of every kind of social misbehaviour. It is all very uncomfortable, not only for the caravaners, but for the reader who perceives, as we suppose most English readers will not be able to help perceiving, that when Elizabeth placed her unconscionable German on British soil she was putting herself in the position of a hostess. We have looked in vain in this new book for the breadth of "Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther." Not even those inimitable flashes of the real Elizabeth can redeem it from a shrill and strident superiority, the superiority that, in pillorying the social offender, pronounces its own sentence of condemnation.

**"Candles in the Wind."**

BY MAUD DIVER.  
(Blackwood.)

"Candles in the Wind" is, Miss Maud Diver tells us, the last volume of a trilogy of novels dealing with the life and work of the Indian frontier. It is a painstaking piece of work, in which any student of frontier affairs may recognise a score of incidents. Whether the courageous actions of a real person should be appropriated on behalf of a fictitious hero is an open question; we incline to the opinion that distinctive acknowledgment might be made when, as in this case, a live V.C.'s achievement is coolly handed over to an imaginary individual. The Hunza-Nagar War, with its record of gallantry, figures here as an incident in the life of Lieutenant Alan Laurence, R.E., a subaltern of the Imperial type. He is a road-maker when the book begins—a cheerful young person, "running" a gang of coolies with much perseverance and force of character: he earns his leave, and takes it in Peshawur, when things begin to happen. He was ripe for love, and he fell into it headlong, conceiving a devotion for a charming girl who,

unluckily for both of them, happened to be another man's wife. It would, of course, be giving away the story to say whether it all comes right in the end, and whether Laurence, promoted and glorious, wins the true love for whose sake he has endured so much.

**"The Lady of Blossholme."**

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Rider Haggard contrives, in "The Lady of Blossholme," to steer very cleverly between the Scylla and Charybdis of too many historical novelists. On one hand, sticking too closely to facts robs a romance of actuality, making it a thing of dry bones and parchment; on the other, too loose a fancy may end in it becoming no more than a masquerade, a fancy-dress ball with incongruous persons peacocking about in costume. Not every large, gross tyrant in Tudor dress, for instance, is Henry VIII.; but Mr. Haggard's Henry is an admirable character, brief though his appearance may be, in a tale that concerns a group of subjects outside his Court. The story of "The Lady of Blossholme" treats of the time prior to the dissolution of the monasteries, when their fate was hanging in the balance, and Cromwell, under the King, was still the most powerful man in England. The Spanish Abbot of Blossholme, wicked and greedy, coveted the lands of Sir John Foterell, and tried to gain them first by subtlety and then by violence. Sir John was murdered, and his inheritance, with the full legacy of the Abbot's enmity attached, fell to his daughter Cicely, who made haste to marry Sir Christopher Harflete, the young and gallant neighbour who had espoused her cause with all his youthful chivalry and vigour. Spanish Abbots, however, are apparently kittle-cattle: the wicked Maldon merely redoubled his efforts to seize the Foterell land and ruin not only Cicely, but her husband. He refused to recognise their marriage, a high-handed proceeding that seems to us just a little over-coloured: one can scarcely believe a Churchman would ignore a ceremony solemnised with due ritual and observance. Sir Christopher was kidnapped overseas; Cicely was clapped into a nunnery, and came within a brand's length of being burnt for a witch. So the story runs, with full measure of escape and adventure, to the proper reward of virtue and the downfall of villainy. Has that a doubtful sound? We trust not; for Mr. Haggard arrives at the orthodox end by ways that are never for a moment dull or heavy, and he tells this fine romantic tale of his without a trace of Wardour Street artificiality. On the whole, though this is high praise, "The Lady of Blossholme" ranks with its author's best work. There is a quite remarkable air of vigour about it.



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